POEMS
BY
SAMUEL
GREENBERG

POEMS BY SAMUEL GREENBERG

A Selection from the Manuscripts

Edited with an Introduction by

Harold Holden and Jack McManis

Preface by Allen Tate

New York: Henry Holt and Company

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Printed in the United States of America

FIRST PRINTING

Dedicated by the Editors to
LEON NEGRUZZI *and* JOHN MCGREW
without whose encouragement and help
this book could never have appeared

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH I could not know I was seeing it, I first saw some of Samuel Greenberg's verse in 1924 in the manuscript of Hart Crane's "Emblems of Conduct," which was Crane's rewriting of Greenberg's sonnet, "Conduct." The facts of this "plagiarism," which has always seemed to me to be quite legitimate, were published some years ago by Mr. Philip Horton, and there is no reason to repeat them here. What is not known, I believe, is that Crane, for reasons now obvious, had turned against "Emblems of Conduct" some time before 1926, when *White Buildings* appeared; and he would have left it out of his book had Malcolm Cowley and I not talked him into including it. But he was not happy about it. At any rate, it was the preservation of "Emblems of Conduct" which led to an investigation of the Greenberg manuscripts. Crane used phrases from Greenberg in other poems, but without the conspicuous similarity of "Conduct" and "Emblems of Conduct" as a clue, Greenberg might have remained unknown.

It is a task of some critical responsibility to assess the value of a poet like Samuel Greenberg. There are some eight or ten short poems in the selection by Messrs. Holden and McManis, which seem to me to be genuine poetry; but whether it is great poetry in the lyric mode I am not prepared to say; and there are passages of great beauty scattered throughout this book, even in "Sonnets of Apology," which on the whole are turgid and bathetic. From the cluttered rhetoric of:

> Ah! shade unseen to tension teeming,
> Through our stally pale insight veering,
> Its monster claws uphold thy instant glance
> Of raging flames that sustain
> Its prolonged trance. There! hast
> Thou not sat above the law?

—one turns with astonishment to "The Glass Bubbles":

> The motion of gathering loops of water
> Must either burst or remain in a moment.
> The violet colors through the glass
> Throw up little swellings that appear
> And spatter as soon as another strikes
> And is born; so pure are they of colored
> Hues, that we feel the absent strength
> Of its power. When they begin they gather
> Like sand on the beach: each bubble
> Contains a complete eye of water.

It is that rare combination of direct physical sight with imaginative insight which one finds in Blake's "London"—a double vision in which what the poet sees beyond the physical world is seen *through* that world. (One could enlarge upon the implications of the bubbles as "complete eyes"—the shift of the seeing eye of the poet into the thing seen.) Among the best poems in the book I would select "Elegy," "Soul's Kiss," "The Blank Book Letter," the fourth stanza of "The Tempest," and "To Dear Daniel," the last a poem of perfect tone and pure language.

It should be remembered that Greenberg was ill, often very ill, when he wrote his poetry; and I should guess that much of the bad rhetoric was the result of the intermittent fading out of the real world, at such times; and that his best poetry came of the heightened perception of the outside world in the rare moments of physical well-being. Whatever the explanation of his genius and faults may be, the poems must speak for themselves. Poetry of the twentieth century in the United States could not be complete without the publication of the poems of Samuel Greenberg.

ALLEN TATE

INTRODUCTION

I

SAMUEL BERNARD GREENBERG, the son of Jacob and Hannah Slimovitch Greenberg, was born in Vienna on November 3, 1893. In his *Autobiography* the Austrian Capital is a "dim symphony," and his life there seems in retrospect shadowy and unreal. He remembers seeing the Emperor Franz Josef in the Koeniglichehof; he dimly remembers getting lost in the woods, the puppet show constructed by his brother Daniel, the birth of a sister, Celia, and the appeasing of his childish curiosity about babies with the story of "a bird in an olive pond who brings babies back and forth."

From 1881 to 1910, a million and a half Jews came to America. Most of them came to New York's lower East Side. Jacob Greenberg, Samuel's father, a Viennese Jew, immigrated to New York in 1900, and settled with his large family on the East Side, on Suffolk Street. Here, in a cell-like apartment in the ghetto, Samuel Greenberg spent his childhood and youth, attending the public school, playing baseball on the hard pavements, working in sweatshops; here he grew up in the squalid, swarming streets, among the push-carts and the dark, smelling, cold-water tenements.

Greenberg was a product of "this ever noisy city where familiarity is rare." He left school in the seventh grade to work twelve hours a day in factories. He became tubercular. Those were typical incidents of life on the East Side. What was not typical was that he happened to be a poet. It is a miracle that he was able to write more than six hundred poems and some prose in the five years he spent in hospitals. He was released from factories and poverty to the leisure of public wards in hospitals. It was the only leisure he ever had for writing.

When the family arrived in America, Jacob Greenberg practiced

his trade of worker in gold and silver brocade, and at first they were fairly prosperous.

Samuel entered the first grade at Public School No. 160 on Suffolk Street. He liked school, but he liked dime novels better, much to the disgust of his father and his brother Morris.

In the next few years his life was like that of most East Side boys who played in the streets. His brothers have said that he liked baseball so much he often went without meals to play. There was no early interest in literature or painting, but Daniel and Morris were both excellent pianists, and gave the boy an early love of music. In the *Autobiography* he remembers hearing Daniel play a concert in an East Side hall.

When Samuel left school he went to work in a luggage factory. For the rest of his life he regretted his lack of education. He wrote later: "Where was school? O what I would give for the knowledge of grammatic truth!"

The death of his mother in 1910 was a great loss to the family. At the same time his father's business no longer prospered and poverty settled upon Jacob Greenberg and his eight children. Describing those days Samuel wrote: "In the street of Suffolk, corner of Grand, we lived for ten years. The poverty and insult of life cannot find sufficient words on paper; it was a struggle for decency for which we were usually gifted, but which soon drew to a conclusion . . . We woke in a dreary cold web: sleeping-cave of rats and cabbage, sawdust floor—smelling sulphur fumes in an empty musical tomb."

When Samuel was eighteen his father died, leaving him homeless. His brothers and sisters were starting homes of their own and the boy had no permanent place to live; he spent brief periods with first one brother, then another. At about this time, encouraged by Morris and Daniel, he began drawing and copying from paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Morris took him to an art teacher, a Mrs. Keller, who advised him to stop making copies and to paint originally. Her daughter, Diane, became one of Samuel's closest friends; one of the most moving passages in the *Autobiography* describes how the news of Diane's death is brought to him in a hos-

pital. He also met William Murrell Fisher, the art critic, who supplied him with books during his confinements in the hospital and gave him encouragement and help the rest of his life.

Little is known of the extent of his reading. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* gave him a smattering of the important English poets. Later he read Keats and Shelley, but it was Emerson who confirmed his mysticism. The titles of many of his poems are taken from Emerson and Thoreau. He also owned a thesaurus and a dictionary, in which he may have found many of his uncommon words.

The first symptoms of tuberculosis—"Sickness closed in with its careful teeth"—appeared in 1913, and he was taken to the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island, where he remained a year. He had already started writing. Life in the hospital became a repetition of periods in which he seemed to improve, then of heartbreaking lapses into longer sieges of illness. His writing never stopped. According to Morris, the ease with which he wrote was amazing—he wrote without effort and scribbled verses while he ate, or talked or listened to music. "East River's Charm" he wrote in a very few minutes while walking across the Brooklyn Bridge with Daniel, scarcely interrupting their conversation as he wrote the lines.

As his illness grew worse, he spent a few months in Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, and was taken later to St. Anthony's at Woodhaven, New York. When he was twenty-two, the doctors told him he might live a few more years if he would have a tubercular kidney removed. Soon after the operation, in a public hospital, he was released and Morris describes meeting him there—how Samuel approached, leaning against the wall for support and stumbling, pale and weak to the subway.

This was his last taste of life in the outside world. After a few days he was taken to the Sea View Hospital on Staten Island, one of the largest tubercular centers in the world. Here life dragged on another year, occasionally lightened by visits from friends and letters from his beloved brothers, Daniel and Morris. He continued writing, completing a short play, his *Autobiography,* and quantities of poetry.

His letters to Daniel in 1917, his last year, are eloquent of his

courage in the loneliness and indifference of the public wards. He wrote: "But my time is slowly ending and it is remarkable how I stay in an impulse of delight. But death is so frequent here that I don't even feel myself a conscious life as once upon a time." And in despair in January: "Were it not for my indecent pain, I would be able to write at least anything to bring to a satisfaction this morning . . ." Later: "There's still a chance for me to get well, the doctor says, but I'll have to remain a long time in a hospital. My strange surroundings, the nurses who tell you that no one seems to care for you out in the world, and that I look untidy. Today I'm the feeblest soul in the ward, except for the old people . . . This warm, dreamy pain—send me a fountain pen soon. I may not soon be a life. It is not in my power to sleep a sick life with a memory for classic making . . . Think what happiness lies in a future. Live on well—Sam."

He became too ill to write. The last five months were spent in indescribable misery. He died on August 17, 1917, twenty-three years old.

II

The isolated artist must create a world which after a period of misunderstanding or neglect may become a part of our experience. Thomas Chatterton, William Blake, and Emily Dickinson were isolated poets, outside the literary currents and influences of their times; they looked within to a greater degree than the artist who, as a member of a group, accepts his symbols and forms ready-made and receives immediate recognition.

An original poet who creates his own philosophy or writes in new forms is not generally accepted without resistance; the originality is a barrier which usually takes several generations of criticism to break down. Robert Burns, as isolated in place as Emily Dickinson, became famous during his lifetime because he wrote the common language. He wrote songs based on the folk tradition when there were no radios or popular tune writers to give the people cheap

substitutes. But Chatterton, Blake, Dickinson did not write a language which would become immediately popular. None of these poets found a public in his lifetime.

Samuel Greenberg lived in the slums of a huge, Machine Age city. He was more isolated than Chatterton, Blake, or Emily Dickinson. Not only was he driven back upon his meager cultural resources, but lack of education made an unusually difficult style more difficult. He has been interpreted variously as surrealist, primitive, or even madman. Greenberg was none of these. Just as Chatterton turned from the eighteenth century to the Middle Ages, and Blake from the formulated religions of his day into systems of his own, Greenberg escaped from factories, poverty, overcrowded apartments and hospitals into romantic daydreams. He writes of Persia, the Orient, East and West Indies, woods and fields, the beauties of the country which he had visited infrequently and remembered longingly.

The two most important subjects in Greenberg's work are God and Death: he reaches his greatest heights in their fusion into one obsessive theme. Jacob Greenberg, Samuel's father, was a devout man and the boy was strongly influenced by his orthodox faith. He speaks several times of the magnificence of the Old Testament, and he refers repeatedly to Biblical characters:

> Canst thou seek beneath,
> As the blue, strange skies
> Looked 'pon Moses' brethren
> In deep fearsome ties?

The poem, "Thus Be It Heaven Heavenly," with its interplay on the name Samuel referring to both the Biblical Samuel and the poet is charged with religious feeling. In "Holy Ghost" and many other poems one finds the religious sense combined with the sense of "life's mortality." Again, life is the fever which racked his body; heaven and earth and nature are forces that consume like an illness: "Heaven's sponge must sip thee like a cloud"; "The earth must use thee for a candle"; "And the caskets of life"; "The sky, illusion, are my shroud." Consciousness of death pervades his poetry.

It is a poetry ranging from simple lyricism to what can only be called the philosophical *inclination* of many of the "Sonnets of Apology" and the longer poems. He had Chatterton's spontaneity:

> Kiss my cheek, fair maiden,
> I'll say farewell to thee;
> My heart is deeply laden
> With facts from reality.

and:

> I've been young, yet not blind
> To feel the creep of years
> That played my spirit false,
> In which hath gathered tears.

Or he becomes a seer, writing lines reminiscent of Blake: "Deep in thy shadowed soul, Immortal creatings are"; "My life of slow and steady pulse/ Tells thousands of the truthful course"; "Beauty comes from dirt! Then curse the loveliness on earth and bring the beauty forth!" "My chant must enclose hell"; "Though death be the hymn, hurling steady visions"; and:

> I am sure that my friends never knew that I
> In spiritual emotion reflect
> All books, art and life—

But he is at his best when he combines this lyric style with the ominous tone of a prophet. The short piece, "Killing," in which David is the instrument of God who stands before the crowd as conqueror, is epic in its scope, though it consists of but twelve brief lines. It is probably one of the finest short poems that have been written in America. In his last poem "To Dear Daniel," which resembles Donne, there is the same visionary intensity.

Most of "Sonnets of Apology" and of the long poems are not as successful as the short lyrics, since frequently there is little relation

between the various lines, and the connections of image are obscured. The meaning often is hidden or lost in the rush of sound and image. Yet the best of these more complex poems are so rich in sound and connotation that it is easy to see why Hart Crane was influenced by them. There is, in Greenberg, a flow of language not unlike Crane's. In their best moments, both write with a prodigality that seems almost automatic in its profusion. Even when the logic is obscure, one is carried along by the impact of word and image upon the consciousness.

III

Greenberg's friend, William Murrell Fisher, kept his manuscripts after his death. They consist of seventeen notebooks of poetry, prose, and pencil drawings, and a large, mixed collection of poems and prose on loose sheets, wrapping paper, backs of programs and menus, calendar sheets, in varying stages of preservation and degrees of legibility.

In his *Hart Crane: The Life of An American Poet* (1937), Philip Horton describes Crane's excitement upon first reading the dead poet's work at Mr. Fisher's house in Woodstock, New York, in 1923. Crane copied a number of the poems, made typescripts and was influenced by Greenberg, particularly in his "Emblems of Conduct" and his sea poems, "Voyages."

Mr. Fisher kept the manuscripts until 1939, when James Laughlin published a pamphlet of twenty-two poems, with a critical and biographical commentary. We became interested in the Greenberg manuscripts through our reading of Hart Crane, and we supposed that our interest would be confined to a study of Greenberg's influence on Crane. In 1945 we determined to learn more about Samuel Greenberg and, if possible, see all his poetry. But there were difficulties; William Murrell Fisher had returned the manuscripts to Morris Greenberg, whose address had been lost. But when at last we found Mr. Greenberg and saw the manuscripts, the genius of the poet and the number of the poems exceeded our greatest expectations.

We decided immediately to edit a representative collection of Greenberg's poems.

IV

The problems of editing Greenberg are numerous. Illiterate spelling, "original" syntax or none at all, archaisms and words of his own invention—these and the illegibility of the pencil script in which much of the poetry is written made the difficulties seem at times insurmountable.

We fear that we have inevitably made errors like those of Mr. Laughlin, in whose pamphlet of twenty-two poems we found the following misreadings: "envil's" for "eel's"; "coval" for "coral"; "mummer" for "murmur"; "waves" for "wares." And these were from the more legible pages of the manuscript. We can only hope that repeated readings of the manuscripts have kept our mistakes at a minimum. But even after the most painstaking study, our readings of certain words are still uncertain.

We have corrected Greenberg's spelling in most instances.

This selection of complete poems and excerpts we believe represents the best of Samuel Greenberg. There is sufficient material remaining for at least another book of poems, as well as prose of some value. We found magnificent lines and fragments in poems of little merit as wholes, but the lines and fragments could not stand alone as poems. In the section *Lyrics* we include those parts of longer poems which seemed to us to stand alone as poems.

We have rarely changed Greenberg's original words and then only when it was absolutely necessary to the meaning of the poem. We found Greenberg sometimes using archaic terms, variants of words and neologisms with striking effect; these we did not alter. Such a word is "swedge," which he uses frequently and nearly always well; it is a variant of "swage," meaning to hammer or beat into shape, or the tool used for that purpose. Archaic words, such as "ween" and "sooth," and the invented words, "orbly," "irragulate," "obeyance" (for *obeisance?*), and "stally," were bewildering at first,

but we soon discovered that they did little to conceal the intrinsic poetry. "Woob" is perhaps the oddest of all. Could it be a combination of womb and web? Whatever Greenberg meant, the poetry shines through this curious language and overcomes limitations imposed upon it by his lack of education. Early in the course of the editing we decided that the poetry had strength and beauty, and that Greenberg as a "literary curiosity" was of incidental interest.

We wish to thank Brom Weber for his help and suggestions in preparing this book. We also wish to thank Morris and Daniel Greenberg, William Murrell Fisher, Mary Lou Holden, and John McGrew.

HAROLD HOLDEN
JACK MCMANIS

POEMS

THE WINE SEAS OF BLUE

Ah, through wine seas of blue,
Through wine seas of blue—
The pupil round must endure
Through wine seas of blue!

Love is lost in a chasm wide
In the wine seas of blue—
And the dust, the baring pride
In the wine seas of blue!

My days were spent, deeply bent
In the wine seas of blue,
While the common tide within did hide
The wine seas of blue!

What fret, who cares?—the solemn tide,
Under this spatial hue,
Like season's sound about, now calls
The wine seas of blue!

KILLING

Lo! the foolish fell.
Silence about—
While the hero stood
And saw the gathering crowd.

What an awkward
Fall is this . . .
An unseen conqueror,
After looking toward

The shouting throng, arouses
A triumphing cry—
While David held the head
For those who stood by.

SAND, SUN, SEA—

Sand, sun, sea—
The spheres of gateway told,
Upon sand the smoothy crust
Refines the earthly mold.

The grounded pearls so gently tell
Our fortune's footprint path;
Through mystic grains that sparkled,
It throws to kings its worth.

I sank my toe upon its skin
And lo! felt I bereaved,
For love hath covered me with sand
Of quality ne'er conceived.

IF DAYS WERE MONTHS WOULD WEEKS BE YEARS?

Long hours I've waited to be free
From the place I hoarded;
And often I'd ponder of time—
If days were months, would weeks be years?

Not to disturb my natural tendency
To climb in deep reprove
Of the fair weathered skies' wide outlook—
That yonder space—I loved to move
As they—but to be home . . .
Felt I, if days were months, would weeks be years?

But the days were moments to my work;
I felt the close too soon!
E'er a glance at the beautiful distance—
The days seemed months and weeks were years.

THE ARTIST

A penniless wretch an artist was called;
He lived in perfume of pain.
Although he soared and soared
To penetrate deep
Within air, dust—sun shined vain.

He solved the space within unknown drugs;
A million spoke at large
Of minds, works, e'en God!
Yet he of spreading eye
Was hungry—close to die!

SPIRITUAL LOVES

They were here,
The pallid forms—
What hidden light
Which caused its throne . . .

O song of the night-field,
What strain can it be?
Therein silent suffer
Not to feel so close to thee.

We were together
From sap to heaven,
The change from within
Suspired hearts given.

SONG

My aimless path
Hath sought to conceive
The present in past
From the tire of grief.

Was it the leopard
That sent grief here—
Or the fox that brought
The careless fear?

Hath not the poet
Showed his past?
Who heeds the tears
From his phantom grasp!

CALENDAR SHEETS, 1916

January 3
Let those who read
Begin to scrawl,
As if they knew
The eternal wall!

Can I here quote
The day's future?
As if one's feeling
Doth catch all in one—
A Monday moon
With a beastly noon?

January 5
All apart in joy
We wander alone,
I with a sorrow—
The king on a throne.

The leisure love
Fades as of yore,
As the sudden thought
Mid hour doth draw.
The light before glimmers
Like the snowy comfort manners.

January 6
O red light lost
By the storm of woe,
Who is so brave
As to wander through?

The seat of fervent waste
Crept lowly to bewail,
But its courage taste
Unbent from its veil.
Ah! nearer my God, to thee—
Let no future chaste be.

January 7
By the neck of horrors:
"Friday";
By the gloom of sorrows:
"Friday"—

Thy warrant is unpledged
As a useless skeleton swedged,
In Satan's silks unmourned;
By a wistful crave adorned
Sleeps the pleasure's glow,
While the day is free of show.

January 8
The torches were borne
By the gleaming sun.
Where was the prize
That blinded a tomb?

O mocking lofty cloth,
The festival is short!
Hire your steeds for home
While the dew leaves court;
Light not the heart astray—
It's a wonder where it breathes that day.

January 23
O children of the East,
Help me;
O children of the West,
Cheer me.

What dampness lingers
O'er
The smooth spongy core
That heeds not hours,
Years, for thy store?

February 1
'Twas the night of hail,
And soft snow blew
Like a memory glow
Of sadness by poet's brow—

The brilliant waxy lamps,
Slowly, like tears
Of snow throwing a helmet
Into view—a child's years.

NATURE'S COVER

Smooth, tangible, accessible skin
That gives its sensual, carnal kin—
But lo! the heavens, the glossy smoke,
The spongy blue, clouds like yoke,

The inevitable air, draft of wind
That singes through each dwelling—
And strange with awe to feel
It thus, it seems forever swelling

And crumbling earth. And there the rock,
The dampened waters flowing,
The dew that sets when sun is gone,
That feeds the buds when growing—

But ah! the tint's individual charm
That is so frail and yet so warm,
And there the animal with its fur
That has its place on field to stir.

The oak, the pine in its various woods,
The crude grown bushes with the berry hoods
And the seeds that float on high—
Mingle with the grass blade nigh.

And when the Autumn draweth near,
Paradise has locked its cheer.
But still, the evergreen tree
Sustains individually.

"THUS BE IT HEAVEN HEAVENLY"

In our Bible, the dream of Samuel is death,
As the clouds consume his form and bare him to Heaven—
The song from colored birds so lyric and sweet
We feel ourselves no more, and pray:
"Thus be it Heaven Heavenly."

The tales of Christ and Moses feel sacred through their Godly power
Of beauty, angels in their discipline kept
Where the clouds are not on view; we pray:
"Thus be it Heaven Heavenly!"

MOTIVES

There was a youth
Who claimed a fancy,
And when he began to sing
This lore would from him spring:

"Who made the heavens
That drifted colors dry?
Who feeds this dew
That daily must be high?
What stain is this
That shines the tale of light?—
And this realm called night—
What wrought this space
And the windy flurries that sing—
And who built the spirit
From which this love doth spring?"

THE CLOUD

O spirit! hark ye not unto these lines,
For I write not to thee—
Though the weight be far from our souls
Of this cloud that we so often see.

The power of dreams cannot claim
An orient's festival applause;
So be this cloud! the parted skin
Born everywhere with its pause.

The tints of the earth should fall upon seas of Mercury,
And all reflected jewels should melt;
For the heavenly flakes and all that is frail
Cannot compare with a poet's gilt.

HARVEST

Far, where the sun hath set,
Sang the windy corn
By the lute of thorn—
The time of harvest.

The shrubbery by the way,
Yellow waste, a path
With a tinge of grass—
All woven in decay.

O Autumn, father, betrayer!—
When I have strolled along
Upon this, thy prayer,
The comfort outlying among.

LIFE'S MORTALITY

If we should wander the globe forever, we also
Would want to feel the other side of heaven.
Our bodies are fully given, no matter, in any
Growth; and if we fail, allowance to addition
Is adhered. As the mud pools receive the
Dripping rain, we see the reappearance
Of eye-bubbles dissolving water shade.
The sparkling visionary light in which we
Reveal the dream lies as a looking glass
In our future—and the remains—the skeleton abode!

O GOD! ARE THESE PRAYERS?

There fell pure space between
Fate's sweep of honor deep;
There the clash of bitter pulse,
Night coldly wept asleep.

The sob of love was lost
And therein my play,
As the prayer—mine life—
Was strewn from cause astray.

Upon river, field, or in my room
The teem of beauty sank;
Such fall, O God—God!
Such fall, my prayer here I drank!

THE PATH OF LOVE

There is a channel called love
 Through the dark way;
Behold! we feel, see wild mass of trees
 And blindness to bind us.

The numbness that God has wrought—
 We, his exuberant children;
O soul, how many plays in love are sought!
 An author's maimed, countless thrill gains.

Halt! spot we own is drawing nearer.
 Do you dare to enter at dawn
Where the clouds settle in the north—
 And find the way where trembling is dearer?

Well! through the path I strove;
 I know not who followed.
I found that I and the liquid air—
 Mind, perfume, love!—were swallowed.

BALLAD ON JOY

The forgetful dream sensations
Share the claim that seasons us;
Whether stormy or mild, we gaily trip o'er it.
In echo we feel this healing dissolvement of sound
Of death; we read memorial happiness and cover
Our tables with the great blossoms. The drama of life
Is forgotten—we feel sacredly merry!
The change through lofty success, where appreciation
Fades in a mist like boats lost in fog;
We dance as the innocent summer sun
In silence and awe—we children of God!

SUNSHINE

O shining star of day,
I once had wandered
Before thy shade
In an irksome way.

O heaven, childish
Breast, that which I
Can feel the stupor of lust
Within a panoramic wish!

O birth that glows afar
Like the canton of poets,
Shining, troubling my conscious
Pride of prophecy everlasting!

EAST RIVER'S CHARM

Is this the river East I heard?—
Where the ferries, tugs and sailboats stirred
And the reaching wharves from the inner land
Outstretched, like the harmless receiving hand—

And the silvery tinge that sparkles aloud
Like brilliant white demons, which a tide has towed
From the rays of the morning sun
Which it doth ceaselessly shine upon.

But look at the depth of the drippling tide
That dripples, reripples like locusts astride;
As the boat turns upon the silvery spread
It leaves—strange—a shadow dead.

And the very charms from the reflective river
And from the stacks of the floating boat—
There seemeth the quality ne'er to dissever
Like the ruffles from the mystified smoke.

THUS SLAVE THROUGH NATURE'S WORTH

To Friend George Halprin

We know, soul, that Heaven
Must claim us soon,
As the ragged hues of clouds pass
And dissolve far beyond dawn.

Crippled and dull, I've once been
Borne to a farther end;
But the light returned to me,
For sake of friendship intend.

The world of people felt like
Manikins playing the life,
And after their good mark
They fitted in a marvelous strife.

The great color and sacred Mary
Were whirled in the eyes of Venus and Mars,
But the large sun-circle kept on
With the moon-disk and stars.

Milton wrote on his blindness, ending:
"They also serve who only stand and wait."
God!—what a belief can mean!—
When meditation doth infinite treat.

But beauty shall not blind us
Nor hem our aspired growth;
Hand in arm we will walk together,
Thus slave through Nature's worth!

GOD

I followed and breathed in silence.
What of its task is beheld?
My feeding thee has lent all
Which broke the current thread breeze
That kept the sprout of pregnant seas
Of weathered promising call.

The filing shades he only changes,
Tells the logos, its unearned dew
Not to feed, as if from cages,
His cloak that perfumes fragrant hew;
What of all the bulging mountains,
Sordid earth and rotting clays?
If then sense is suction fountains,
That same thought is but its ways.

TO DARWIN

And the space was left open
With a harp that sung to silence.
And within the over-souled hush
I breathed the prayer, reliance,
To note such spirit as thine, who built
The cradle of kind and shade,
Tracked the wanton steeds that wail,
The cure of flies of phantom crave,
Sent the common vein blushing to deny
Thy seed that failed its core.
But the whisper of praise seemed not a tale
In which I but note its yore.
I weep its festivity unbroken.
Beyond this I can but muse with thee, unspoken.

But I was West
And feared the skies
That bore the diurnal
Passionful ties;
With harmonies the trail
Of space, that swung
The River Rhine, its
Beauties trace.

My thought was Rome
And Grecian gilt
'Pon Athens' shade,
Its glittering hilt;
The North, the South
Hath but its twain
From which its shawl
Breaks deep within.

We are strange apart,
But still can feel the present heart.

LAST REQUEST

What told me true?
When age doth ask
Before he moves
To plead this last.

Ah! hast thou desired
The help of young?
No summer waits
For such song, but
Leaves the heated drips high, unwrung for thee—
And adieu to mates!

MAN OF TYPE

The shade of autumn, summer's turn,
Winters, spring, the efforts of frost—
They here but tell
Close to us well
The mourn of cost.

The valley of forms, trod here below,
In superficial aspect felt,
As crowns of yore
There shape in store,
That shine a pallid gilt.

But nigh, god sees god
Complete which causes create,
Names the lowliest divine
And still sees them within
His perfect meet.

WHERE SWEEPEST THOU THIS EARTH, JEHOVAH!

Where sweepest Thou this earth, Jehovah!
Like a windmill turnest Thou a mortal's schemes—
And the winds that flare to renew a gust
That lies sunken in Thy palm it seems.

Thy palm? A stricken creature I am!
The truth, I fain, would but a gurgle be
And all the truest brakers of space
Assume the like, ere dividedly.

O that ever-burning, seasoned warmth:
It seems like an opening of Thy careful returns
And behind it hides this divine announce;
A web of hues guard Thy turns.

And Thy shadow that doth repose a nature
That giveth brightness to the spirit, pure
Love! the only youthful stain
That shall ever reign.

O what a cheat is love, love invisible,
Which doth float and disappear like a puff;
And the earth, agrowth for an age,
Will at last drop like a star aloof.

My thought shall be as wide as this,
My love still wider seem;
The eminence of this daily charm
Shall climb above—eternal bliss.

DISDAINED

And you hasten to deny
My effort which is yours.
What will this fury do for you?

And here you gaze upon the sky.

Away! my friendship is
What you will say;
But oh I too am mortal,
As this pleading swoon
Comes thither, seldom total
With its truth to be its moan!

THE MASTER'S TRIUMPH

I sat upon a rock, viewing Nature wide. Ere my plant
In secret hides this wild peace, our thought must bid;
We curious selves lie fathoms underneath, though
Holy discipline and wisdom's joy cannot shake the placid heart.
Disdain to climb, as tender as death—and time thus vanished,
Our angel's breath is felt—vision of our orbs through aimless rest.
The trembling heart has its limits divine, though light of man
Bares to fact and this heaven of grains, at last a sunshine
Sending its remains, silently doth ever toil, heaves an ocean,
As thy mind refuses to accept impression to satisfy;
In our fast travels and seeming blossom ne'er prove we by
Such mystic worth o'erhangs the might of powers disabled and shorn.
A voice exclaimed: "Love! whither wend we, O tiny children?"
This thrown door, eternally born, and germ home to be content with
May be a mark of century conduct, so brilliantly formed,
Lasts but within a poet's reach, in Nature's conquest left here,

Assuming danger and infinite silence through earthly fear—too pure
To feel asunder, sharing with starlike specks at night this uncertain force of wonder.
Behold all this jagged beauty; I bare the test alone of perfection too imperfect.
The choir spirit in order weaves its own gauge in the song of life.
O detail! must thou trail endless, as fables of yore forever create
Harmonies, while we breathe broad and simple? We pray to this
Abandoned universe; that critic looms high in chaos, whether it contains
Sensual or divine restriction . . . Or perhaps the infinite charm is cursed.
And this great human rebellion has its scattered laureates, sparks
That kindle the flame to repeat. My brother will cause the perfumed love more clear,
And seek heavenly envy. In spite the selfish heart limits, perhaps weaves the better birth;
We then easily blend a lodge, which can pray upon the universe of charm
And share the impulse of progress; this vital grain must plead thousand-fold,
Live in us, as the blowing sea breeze! Through an angel gate
The ecliptic change found me under a leafless oak,
The cast shadowings of branches like a medusa's skull;
Therein, on looking, leveled my talent to flood the mind in abstract ecstasy.
The gallant spurtive land and heaven with the numberless diamond circle gives joy hither,
Whether the banner contains power to plenty the soul;
This humble chip, in our reverence, doth limit its whole.

THE OPPONENT CHARM SUSTAINED

Sweet thought, sweet model that gloweth for all,
Attention that quivereth within heart's fluid wall—
How strange such members seldom meet
Like ripples in a gulf so deep.

When holding hot green pebbles,
A burden that relieves the thought,
'Tis genuine passion that warbles
Where the amazing beauty is sought.

How tiresome lines are beautiful,
How tiresome grace is charm;
Wonderful seems the wrinkled brow
When time will, mortal, bow.

Ah, there slumbers the ages!
Ah, there resteth thy kind!
'Tis heavy burden to conceive thy corpse
That is tinted with a cover sublime.

We've been resting on thy scented spirit,
Were forcing to bind the ties;
Ah, mortals, why art ye raving
Like the constant vanishing skies?

But now we retreat, good Charm;
I feign to relate how warm
Thy nature has cuddled me,
That pricks, to renew its psalm.

REGRET AT PARTING

"Our God!" in prayer is said;
"Our child!" announced so, too—
And its senses that grasp your heart
That travels through speechless awe.

Beware of the intellectual, changing mood
That trembles a universe afar:
Deep in thy shadowed soul
Immortal creatings are!

When standing close beside me
I wondered less and believed
Thy chestnut hair, well-braided—
Thy eyes so undeceived.

One must feel indebted
To that which his treasures are;
But do not hide repentance
From that luckless gifted star.

Soon thou will be drifted to newer thought,
A payment, tribute combined,
A systematical base that is
A circumstantial grind.

O friend, a pardon in a reviewed past,
That inner selfish brand
The Almighty has deemed to brush our path;
Soon we part—I grasp thy hand!

THE HOLY GHOST

A dark scarlet robe covered the body,
As he lay near a monastery cellar door.
Holy spirit of death swayed o'er him,
A plaintive seen skull, features sunk,
That frightens the life in the witness—
The gauzy jet black veil. In the grey, shadowed
Doorlight the extinguished form lay in dignity
Against the wall; and the low and high corners
In shadows were ghastly, adhered around the pillars
Of iron, placid skeleton thrown to the cold sand
Bottom, forgotten and unrecognizable where he lay
At midnight; strange—we often share the unexplained wonder.

SOUL

O soul, the pen point is not sharper than thee!—
That sweeps the memory, earnestly doth toll;
Whereas in bitter joy the essence shows thus clear,
Belost its chime and rang aloud with fear!
While garden and their roses pale
Turn many human, innocently nail
That burst beneath, while he doth walk about
Like winds that singe the heavens, bare the cloud;
Spots of dust, like ruined ashes rolling,
Thaw in a whimpering spell, though holy
From the offspring, in thought dissolved!
What good skims the cover for our nest,
Though early hour swims thy love to rest;
Thus fares the penance of each folly.

THE STREET LAMP AND THE EYELID

Close near my eyelid
The golden threads were damp
That moved like a fairy cobweb
Beneath the orbly chant.

Gradation was it woven,
As it rose from the puzzle box,
To the highest place was proven,
As the lid would shut and relax.

Below and above, a godly stride
Like stalks in a fairy dream,
While lightning in the sky did hide
That shimmering, tearful gleam;

I closed mine eyes; the struggling heart
Held like the clouded sun;
While my hands grew cold, a tear did part
From the soul that glanced thereon.

SERENADE IN GREY

Folding eyelid of the dew doth set,
The cover remains in the air;
And it rains the street, one color set,
Like a huge grey cat held bare.
The shadows of light, shadows in shade,
Are evenly felt, though parted thus;
Mine eyes feel dim and scorched from grey,
The neighboring lamps throw grey stained gold—
Houses in the distance like mountains seem,
The bridge lost in the mist—
The essence of life remains a screen;
Life itself in many grey spots
That trickle the blood until it rots . . .
A good-sized box with windows set
Seems like a tufted grey creature alive,
Smoothly sails o'er the ground,
Like the earth invisible in change doth strive.
Black spots, that rove here and there,
Scurry off, float into the cover.
Spot and grey were close together
When color mixes its choice, a lover.

DYING YOUNG PATIENT

Speechless? How young thou art!
The voice of death has sought thee.
Perplexed are their faces;
His father is near his bed.
In deep traces
The world he has led
Seemed dead!

Discussion followed as I beheld;
Sorrows were but agleam in sorrows,
Communicating souls hushed.
The pain of truth that viewed
The sky, the earth, vainly renewed
The passing lad.

With sentiment, the spring in love
Hovered o'er this lad,
While the cool breeze swam
That cleansed the brows
To past sorrows,
The sun lost, blended between two little clouds.

PLEAD MY LOVE, O GENTLE MAIDEN

Plead my love, O gentle maiden!
 Plead my love, O love!
The pearls beneath the sea
 Seduce the spirit above.

But thy flourished grace
 That clasped my shoulder to thine,
Like rocks near the surf, abases—
 And the waves with their huge repine.

The quality of the soft-grown statue—
 That which memory can ne'er conceive—
Ah! thou art the very joy of the marrow
 That lies deeply hidden beneath.

I shut mine eyes and cannot see
 The depth of thy inner gift;
I might as well play blindman's buff
 In thy charm that is oft adrift.

Seeming self, 'tis you; not seeming
 Thou tearest me, drunk with dreams.
Thy youth, thy startling figure, attracts;
 In the memory of the soul it beams.

O piercing maiden, O dear joy's love!
 Thy voice, thy rippling mirth . . .
Ah there! the bard—what is he to you?
 Only a pillar to thy sooth.

ETCHING

The paper was pale,
But the untold phase
Hath told real its love
Of its mysterious graze.

Heavy tints, light scrawls,
Inner space left—
The yards, boats, rivers,
And castles of craft;

The portraits were thine
Of the phantom pound,
That the etching therein
Almost moved from its mound.

The heavens were paper
And clouds its grain,
As if its whiteness stirred
In the soul of an insane.

They were left on the walls,
Calling their eyes
That built them to crumble,
To nestle from ties.

THE UNDERTONE

The cellar of the priest, the unburdened crave,
He could sing the song of the wild knave
That throws the beaming sand upon the
Clime of the sun's unbreasted gloom.
What was this joy fettered, dry flaming zone?
And remember the gaze was not for now—
It seemed to tell the lore of blossom's vow—
And loose wonder strains on beneath
That no letter can place the wreath,
Or seek the refuge of creation's crawl
By your meek tendon to bear it in thrall;
There seems to stay a glass-colored will.
The only taste is this sensual fire still
That sorrows glow, love and the pounding thrill.

ELEGY

When rivulets dry and flowers melt
And gardens ne'er would be,
The pope around the churchyard
Could never pray for thee!

When color and form were but a mist
And shadow but the whole,
We may as well turn round again
From all our wayward thrall.

While life, the envy in itself,
Was but the empty shell,
The earth must turn, while he the elf
Must here thus bare its hell!

REDEMPTION

From slow phantom seat it stirred—
What strong crags and structures reared!
Here dimmed by sky, light's change,
The golden sun, the clean rich moon.
Lo! the sparkling jots of nightly tomb,
The roving beast of field and jungle,
The rapping wings of hawk and eagle,
The gasp of death upon birth of waves,
The blow of fearful cutting breeze,
The thicket on land by compass guide,
The fan of love and beauty spiced
To reason lend the vacant soul
His only grasp that builds for all—
Thus leads a serpent, feeling crowning tied.

SORROWS

Ah, when I shall cease to think of my life and woes
Which deeply thus repeat like ocean waves
And set the earth afire, queer to choose;
And all the cherished freedom that you gave
With all lives' conceit, a death of just
That trips thus inward, deeply outward must,
While space and time thus clamber all to speed
And send the hasty man an inward greed.
Duel! Let the earth bubble, burst and sway!
Thus man could ne'er but melt the grove away
And set his limbs that blow about like seeds,
Which ramble across his earnest, common deeds—
While my perception—here a waste to be?
Ah! thus fathomed crowns earnestly will woe thee!

NURSE BRINGS ME MEDICINE

Nurse brings me medicine! Medicine?
 For me! God, twenty years old!
Medicine? I'll leave it to thee!
 The truth is a draught,
 Fondly fought
 To agree!

She left me. The tinkling glasses
 Lent me her distance.
The hurried call I'll disdain forever!
 She shook the pulse
 Like Samson the vaults:
 Well! I never!

I'm still proud! yes, proud!—
Though charity is aiding me!
 This future painter
 Does not hinder
What is going on—or shall be!

CRUDE DRESS

I sadly unsorrowful looked
At the children in a lane,
Which once my soul has sought
To play a thought for gain.

The peasant mildly found,
By the gate, after light,
Whose idle state seemed mourned
For the shore that tarries sight.

But the clad of Nature's boast
With its heaven-hanging eye
Is seen day by day
From the lust which carries it by.

The passion lent its depth,
Which the spirit works alone
With the unsorrowed glance,
Weeps his phantom boon.

THE TRUTH OF BELIEF

Far out, a fair storm at night of snow
Hath filled the air and sought the cozy woe;
O phantom frost, what can this be—shade?
Can this be likened unto my careless aid?
Thus, here must I take what truth denies,
As the distant hill bemourns its ties;
Now this is yet vague to be content.
What should be told can be but lent—
So telling seems here to swim my brow.
Perchance, you know better, eyes meet now,
But who is so listless as the poet's faith endows?—
The value of waste is what he brightens? Vows
That charm must bend to will's belief
Whate'er you chose, be it death, life's thief.

SOUL'S KISS

It was the fruit on high,
From whence the chosen seed
Has found its moorless love
Therein, the human creed.

O soul of fatal refrain!—
Like the corn, flowers a cover
Over its skin, doth feign
From a mood; there love can hover.

Ah! by the shore of moss
And through the thrown-up rocks
There whispers the toneful moon;
The mingling serenade looks.

WARD'S ISLAND SYMPHONIQUE

I

'Tis silent! Early morning—the spirit has
 Fled from the paths of hidden woe!
The buildings seem empty, though
 A life here and there. At times
Many at once in holidays come
Among the shuffled minds;
 Strange, an emotion: we fear there are none!

II

A palm of rays from break-o'-day sun,
 With a whirl of angel, puff-purple clouds
And the later growth. Their Father's pink, grey,
 Tows their sweep across heaven's aspiring width, shows their
Charm, the distant dwelling, as the warm illumination
 Sings its classic realm beyond prayer and song.

III

O God! Love! thy pulsation amongst weary souls
 Where unknown pain wrinkles its woven solitude!
And the busy buzz of insects and birds about the leafless
 Twigs, which have reverent care along the walk
Passing by. A music sense trembles an emotion—
 'Tis silent, early morn! The spirit has fled from
The hidden turns as the sky wistfully brightens; a deep
 Light-fanning hue spreads o'er a purple cloud of pearls.

IV FANTASIE

The melted ruins of Egyptian cursed its ghostly colors
 One afternoon at Ward's Island,
Emancipating, desired freedom. Strange seem the
 Paved roads, each camp lettered to stay.

Nurses in their colored garments and linen caps
Move, a crowd of mystery and muse.
The breath of truth is visible, a garden yard of strangeness to each tent,
As the violin of science, blue heaven, singe
Each building in search of health and strength.
Though knowledge of bodily care be unknown, the deserted soul
Of corrupted brains and visions bent.

V

It was a mild hour; the Island's ferryboat arrived—
An anxious throng—many with parcels on their way to various wards,
The superior officials to see and direct their course
To each individual patient.
Love is truly a lost jewel amongst the insane paths.
Oriental thoughts flitter by, and the scenic view
Is of ancient abstract blurring!
Neatly tucked in bed! All visitors are welcome . . .

VI

Simply relating brisk atmosphere, a loud whistle.
The boat departed from the Island to Manhattan.
At the broad walk one can see the song of shapeless trees
And cultured lawns around the camps,
The faded brownstone buildings, windows' church-like shape
And spacious, religious structural reality
That arises in one sensational eloquence.
There are parts still uncultivated. Birds chirp
To one another in their monotonous note—
A dream of spiritual necessity and wild fancy that
Hums its way when at the Island's bank in a trance.

THE BLANK BOOK LETTER

Now must I wait
For ideas astray
That keep lingering until
The fuse finds its way.

Men can write
And spell the beat
And whisper lore
From this solemn creation.

But the blank book letter
Has told you the vein
Of art, that souls
The earth no gain.

EARLY GHOSTS

When first I beheld
The sight of self alone,
Here standing upon a floor—
A new sensitive throne—

By dark corners round
I shaded myself, in hope
That some light or people
Would be seen through a grate.

But by the might of pictures
Each sighted object looked
As if my soul was but a fortune—
To its memory, meaning booked.

THE TEMPEST

Think not, O soul,
That food doth control
That time when thou art
In search of truth!

I'm a dried-out human being!
And dried-out, dried-in from all that I've seen—
And poor as a devil should be!
But ne'er discouraged from thee!

Have I another word to say,
Ye demons, for human beings?
Nor still encrouch the liver cell
To those who live in dreams.

I live in an age where the age lives alone,
And lonesome doth it rage
Where the bard dare not come.

The end cannot be
Through the far, listless clouds;
All human hand stretched to agree
Should land beneath its sepulchral shrouds.

MAN

Always alone, star-told?
What tales are bone and skulls?
O thou nigh art a lost mind!
Quite true, we dug gold out
Of thee. Wilt thou build shadows?
Cause them thicker than now?
A trip to the moon perhaps
Will turn Heaven's eye real.
O burning statue of tendons—
Time loses thine eye!

DARK IMAGES

Ye unknown colossals!
It took him
To find the warmth
In thy breast of fossils.

O cold days of limpid frost!
Not e'en spares mercy;
At thy kneel hath cast
Thy every shade of meaning traced.

Ah, this unceasing rechain . . .
Canst thou not tell
A brother whence thou roam?
Yet still seek in dark moods
And feel this hindered,
Thy looming images before me sworn!

I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT I AM OF WIND

I cannot believe that I am of wind,
For earth and wind can match a god.
I cannot believe in writing so . . .
What would you do
If I must mind
The world of blossom's
Lay and peace?—
The rest of love
And charm's uncease?
I cannot believe the find.

THE SKULL ON THE DESK

Passing a room, there stood a desk;
 When I carried the bedclothes in,
There on a book—a marble skull,
 Seen at night through shadows dim.

Here my wearied spirit gushed in phantom urge,
 The glow in elegy of bygone love!
A bone with holes, here set to prove the ages . . .
 O ghost, tell me, dost thou mortally surge?

But dreams do not repeat!
 Thence I burst upon this skull.
Away, ye weird visions real!
 Thou art but a symbol
To dote my memory fold,
 To serve this seal.

AFRICAN DESERT

And we thought of wilderness
That bore the thousand angels,
That strew the dust
As fine as frost
Upon the fancied candles.

O, black as autumn night
Are fed the holy forests
That fertilized the grain,
That breathes the birth
Of chanted aurists.

The soaring swan of danger
That held the mighty plain—
The bitter seed of glittering age
Seems glad to mourn its twain.

BORN

By gauze and linen
The plea hath left
A newborn pinion—
Stroke the weeping theft:

Yet what I write
And dare to think
Is of such plowing might
As birth to fore-link.

What is so quiet
Before a whisper dies,
As the wandering hope
Underneath loosely lies?

THE GLASS BUBBLES

The motion of gathering loops of water
Must either burst or remain in a moment.
The violet colors through the glass
Throw up little swellings that appear
And spatter as soon as another strikes
And is born; so pure are they of colored
Hues, that we feel the absent strength
Of its power. When they begin they gather
Like sand on the beach: each bubble
Contains a complete eye of water.

TO DEAR DANIEL*

There is a loud noise of Death
Where I lay;
There is a loud noise of life
Far away.

From low and weary stride
Have I flown;
From low and weary pride
I have grown.

What does it matter now
To you or me?
What does it matter now
To whom it be?

Again the stain has come
To me;
Again the stain has come
For thee.

* The last-dated poem in the manuscript. Written on a one cent postal card, dated March 14, 1917.

SONNETS OF APOLOGY

1. SECRECY

The apparent gale, vaned in winding storms,
Has filled the air with hail and mystic frost.
The peaceful alley through bowing elms revealed
Pregnant buds, where spring has failed the lewd heart.
Darkness over the ocean's deep was offering moonlight,
Movable, silver, vanishing waves that enrolled
The wild summer blossom that in sanguine
Peace bared the ray of gold; until bronze
Shades of autumn quietly lowered a
Humble veil upon the ground in preservation—
Thick clouds that separate over the
Spotless blue of glazing greys. A simple
Tint vanishes, as the storm of fusion
Displays the shocking flood that vapors have gathered.

2. ENIGMAS

I've been ill amongst my fellow kind
And yet have borne with me joys
That few sought its indulgence, bind
As dreams that press meditation's
Wanton coys o'er desired revelation.
Religion's chariot halted for my thought;
Art bowed, showed its infinite tongues
Of charm; science hailed its width
Of symmetry, doubting conscience's
Concentration and behave; the beam
Of fire from the sun cast mine own
To slumber in imagination of spheres.
Under the heavens of moon-like shapes
Mine eyelids shut; I fell into unfelt realms.

3. DAYLIGHT

That from nowhere settles impressions,
Gleam, O thou dost aid the muse
Below to drain his soulful
Desire from the strings of thine
All-power and, sudden, claim
The deep romance of spiritual
Guide, the never-ceasing fluttering
Bird of forest and eagle high.
The horizon hues give vent
To thousand lofty thoughts of poetry.
The floating marble-like clouds
Form incomprehensive molds;
But the lowly eye views this all
And, from within, peals its classic melancholy folds.

4. LOVE

Ah ye mighty caves of the sea, there pushed onward,
In windful waves, of volumes flow
Through rhines. There Bacchus, Venus in lust cherished
Its swell of perfect ease, repeated awe ne'er quenched.
O that inner self, sensation, doth chide variably;
And lo! tell its tale that soothed the heart.
Should but thy plant blend such thought and mind, see,
Tame thy brief gaiety, immortal tears,
And youth to thee return its innocent cheers.
But hence no finite melancholy can calm our fears
That emblem makes, hath thrown us far beyond!
Profane can but be makers of peace e'er chosen;
And conceit, live lowly, for the great past shall sieve the soul;
Thence crowned wreaths shall dimly forsake God's throne.

5. EARTH

O sordid clay, though foul of rotting rest,
The flower finds its sweet subdue above thee.
The rocks and pearls of sand out of it grow;
The fruit refuses dignity when ripe to eat,
Falls everywhere for thee upon the ground.
Mountains cease to fear their power.
We find the soft soil above and below
And greet the peasant by the yellow mound
That circles to the highest way, leading
A path, where brush and grave forbid
Thy stray; thus follow we the tract of trail.
The plains, that of desert seem, remind
Us of glowing, storming sand, ocean hail;
But the sea's pressure sustains beauties kind.

6. CONDUCT

By a peninsula the painter sat and
Sketched the uneven valley groves.
The apostle gave alms to the
Meek. The volcano burst
In fusive sulphur and hurled
Rocks and ore into the air—
Heaven's sudden change at
The drawing tempestuous,
Darkening shade of dense clouded hues.
The wanderer soon chose
His spot of rest; they bore the
Chosen hero upon their shoulders,
Whom they strangely admired, as
The beach-tide summer of people desired.

7. MOTION

The vespers lie between sparkling lust that stirs in motives' life.
No lance but kindred thought can climb unto its might,
As flawless spirits sing within, that shapes its mystic dite.
Pure harmony, the faith of lyre, must meet and vary in its choir;
Hence the plum with effulgence gently shimmers in its silky wind,
Petted by health o'er its sequestered sire,
That o'er its depth doth flow, ne'er doth tire.
The fawns of taste have left its shore
From Rome to England, bore the phase
That chased veiled beauty's law.
No more shall chant thy verbal lore—
But O thy mind's lofty flight
That greets its nocturne through diurnal light,
Legends of charm that glanced thy path upon our door!

8. SCIENCE

Science! the smithy of the sea!—
That bent an eel's perfect glide,
That shaded fennels Yarrow wide,
Swallowed pearls that marbled the checkered Dee!—
Who poured the phantom in love's comely phase
And chased huge heavens within ask of thought,
Thus saved the human helpless outlook tide.
The ship's course its fate will decide,
Whether its safety—that of power hold!—
In dreams of marines, legend base
That I in all wonderment doth hide;
But e'er thy unfolded, systemed way
Of long, long ago hath begun and lured
Nature to thy heart in patient wounded spirit's clay.

9. THE PHILOSOPHIC APOLOGY

I still bear in mind the picture of the globe
That palpitates in absorbed fear, in thought.
O sweltering dew, what chaos doth ruminate
Upon zone's firmament, what perfection in
Such listlessness, a rock of earth doth float;
Tempest's call to balance its fees,
Its unseen course through the infinite walls.
The virtue of the sulphur sun that shades
The night, that clears the heaven from reveries—
O Heavenly Father—thou hast in plea
Mankind's thirsty juggle, to upheave its concept,
Who shares thy width of love and all
Whose palm holds the shadow of fear
That judgment soothes, thy dusty heart-speck's tear.

10. NIGHT

Night! The lute as daylight but dim,
A cloister strangely near a hill,
Rang the evening chimes of prayer.
The shadows of the miniature lamps
Shaped strange, unseen, frightful creatures
Of horrid ghosts, veiled in pale caps.
The solitude, teeming in its hush,
Let the unseen noises of insects clear
Buzz in their melancholy, weary hum.
Dreams are short, but their beauties are rare;
Night is long, causes thought
Its freedom of fantasy to acquire.
The grey demon clouds covered heaven,
Which hid the moon, but stars retreating fought.

11. THOUGHTLESS

Though relieved, he gazes far out upon
Landscape's view and is unmoved;
But the self's shrouded painless lull
Awakens, as the purple wanders within
The orb's hold and suspects astonishing
Brilliancy that nature ne'er preserves.
Still unperceived remains its mood.
Perhaps it is the rest and peace, as the
Heavenly hues fade, when the sun shines
And gives forth its lustre instead of rain . . .
Or the great halt of memory's claim
Doth repeat, when patience' lure requests,
The unripe sustain, which mind hath curled
On my way: the air of fields and rivers abiding stirred.

12. PERUSAL

An age of wisdom sought knowledge to
Enliven its immortality through scriptures
Of classics. The scholar apprehends
Foreign laws of astrology and strays to
Original pursuit. The artist never fails
In attempt of reflection's value.
The astronomer follows closely his
Trail across heaven's width. The apostle
Reigns o'er the community in conveying
His thoughtful discipline. Through
Speech, the orator follows the universe
And refrains the laws of the people.
From this acquired and creative philosophy,
The poet sings through Hippocrene's urge solicitously.

13. SHADOWINGS

The marble walls held the dim sky shadows
That were strangely woven in greys;
Silhouette set the scepters roving
Into the half mediums of real
Lumination. Music set qualities
Above sentiment. The dreamer called
The Orient from illusion's feigned proof,
Forms but dimly prominent color.
The night-lamp fought the powerful shade;
Mythology helped the modern life upbraid.
O sunset, O golden, thou who tend
The farthest heavenly width to rest
From observation, the elegy's lore
Hath set memory o'er immersion's quest.

14. RELATIVES

One's sight is but as sunray light,
Youth's own evolved, sceptered way;
Truth does not remain, nor after day,
Nor through the bubble of senses bright.
O wind, thou blowest full breeze
O'er pregnant grains of fragrant scent
With thy mortal eyelid subduing, lent,
That blew the wafers, as candle might
Of flame renews forgetful inspiration
Into clouds. There child's pale laced orb
Of blue weeps into twilight, a coarser hue;
But no faded memory sustains thy rite,
Thou whose omnipresence leads to certainty;
And purity binds no thought where Jehovah after great!

15. DREAMS

Emotional phase, why hast thou refraction's beat,
That lieth upon memory's season, creates
The unfelt bliss where obscuration locks its instant ray,
As cloud of heaven's curtain fades o'er tinted sky.
O current frail, where hast thou begun?
Holy fire held thy anvil's seat; surely
Soul can rest in peace within thy eternity.
Slumber sweetened love's burden, ne'er could hold
The grey perfume of mammoth garden caves.
O heart of mind, still Hippocrene's surge
Hath toyed my godhead above to leer.
Who pounded cadenced lust, O mold pathetic?
Summer reveries, dark winter's retreat . . .
Who will plan with me an earth to share thy dreams with thee!

16. MAN

O perfect lay of deity's crested herb,
Thou art as the winsome weed afloat.
Whose power e'en fear doth warmly note
Upon the slave of mortal earth to curb,
Canst lure the ransom of essence seed,
Tame the darkest crises of deed,
Blow to mystery the unerring minstrelsy!
An oriental paradise of golden casts
Thou likest with ease, of nature blasts;
Yet innocent from thy turns, as Jove demurs,
O love, all-dying though ever-ensuing, endures
The bitter blinded spark of beauty's rock
Thou alone doth hew, as soul can mock
The prayer o'er tints through heavens, eternity's last.

17. THE LAUREATE

Poet, O soul! hast thou within thy wing the raise
That nature doth disown with complete color,
The enlightening beat of Heaven's plausive royalty?—
As the clouds in their nudity softly sensate,
Uplift the sordid earth from dark slumber
And deviate spirits' mystic woob,
Create animations about the hidden angels,
Regulate love in lofty nobles' helm.
Conquer, but to unconquer self's tomb,
Knight the command of universal thought,
Thou who art the stream of souls' flow.
O lyre, ne'er canst thou forgive praise,
For joy hides its stupendous coverings;
The quality of senses create and overthrow.

18. RELIGION

The shade of shrine has learned its ease;
The passion of Mennon's fruit hath stored
Lulled prayers of reverence that Roman-Gothic great design
Hath guitared love's wind-maiden, thy deepest sooth.
Inevitable master, thy evolution without solution,
Whose mighty throne is but within reach of birth,
Serene's own gift, melancholy, hath wreathed the soul.
Embittered goal, what cause hast thou arreared?
Colossal breath sauntered critically by,
Lured Jehovah's lowly crest into eternal fear
Before its birth took place. O birth, O blossom
Has unveiled slumbered woob, there divine, but guarded nigh.
O rested unique heart who sought to waste thy tempt,
Hence live the days of common prayer that earthly limit doth chart.

19. HOME

O blithful seat of unerring joy,
How upon thy own didst I call!
And my pathos varied; I chose from thee
And placed my soul at thy fate's knowledge all,
Though Mennon's muse hath sung too loud
The semblance of its surrounding glee,
In mortal stay thy guardian hath clung
Its forgetful, generous, threefold herd,
That through dense lofty heavens borne
In pure unceasing crisp of light
My Holy Ghost. But whither shall
My blest act find reprove, as in saintly
Passions unfelt to lay before
Humbly, a quest: who seeketh thy woob?

20. FOREST

O silent stirring trees of the sylvan,
Though hidden upon this earthly seat
Apart from all phases queerly grown,
From distant field we mark the ghastly
Scent of stalk and branch between
The blossomed herd; its purity alien
Of riches green bends in ocean grace.
O'er the leas spread the tears of hue,
Assumed Heaven's seat beyond royal trace.
The forms of each pine and oak,
The molds between their stately known
That reach the lofty heavens' sweep of
Dew and pour them upon the ground,
Dethrone each season in pregnant dreams a gown.

21. SELF

O self, as power heat thou canst deny,
Swedge the nearest toy to mold of thought,
As the wandering heavenly seas in liquid light
Veil eternal substance, the glittering rocks
That calm the eye, romantic tears of sparks
From the noxious sky. O art thou not Vikings
That sailed by their embellished quay?
Who gave thee quantity, control, and steers
The might of self that burnished its leer,
Repeats within poetry garlands' praise
And finds e'er love in every phase?
O temper, thou hast in buried passion lent
Self's enjoyed carnal lust; what shall
Youthful charm waste? O self, not thine age, thy ghost.

22. OBSERVATION

Ah, ye piercing years of light, below here I denote,
Though spirits wander to an abnormal height,
That ray hath beamed to show its
Pulsive fuse that beats the scattered stars,
That of blue flame depicts their quaint array
And opens, revealed bright! Their dense birth, far
From our fancy of dreams' depth, doth sway;
But wax-like orbs with its tinted hues
Have pleaded its finiteless peer
To fair deity's soulful goal,
That of ceaseless blossom hath untold passions,
Unique mystification. O evolving change,
Death nigh left thee wonder deep
But ne'er allows its feeling as before.

23. DESTINATION

Whom can we delay from mortality?
Yet its phase changes, revolves anew!—
Rebounding, remingling through
Blemishing fate, conceived to fare
The previous state, undaunted!
Which turns have unveiled before,
O changing charm of earthly lyre?—
First from Heaven, then to sphere, about . . .
The glow of night and day and realms of space
Revealed afar the orient soul of
Unknown skies. The anvil's heat
Consumes the yoke through deep mists
Of clouded God-fearing emerging smoke
That suspense hovers from dim-rayed, glistening dust.

24. PREFERENCE

An instant chose its mien of love!
It felt the dark orient influence approve,
Whether species of vivid color chose.
Self's criticism of mediums' hold
Falls into uncertain depth, thus
Thinks blindly, but from bold
Following unfolds terminable thoughts.
Innocence fares in bitter apparency;
Age loathes misery's claim, but
Kindness of memory hath its chosen
Kin; the fable told the secrecy of
Common from its example; the mood
Has its restlessness; the lyre-
Birds were foundlings to the buyers.

25. THE ETUDE

O science of fibrous crested lyre,
Who, winding, heeds our inmost desire,
Can heave a spirit from now and then,
Thus cleave the depth from perspiring spleen,
Who hails miniature's beaming breast
Which soul can throw from east to west!
But e'er its seed doth blindly on, caressed
By Jove's stratus dew, 'twixt ray,
Shade and sordid clay, abides through
Splendors' proportionate hue, that space, aerial,
Confines to its own response within its
Burst of unseeming, blossoming—strews
Salon natures of streaming divines—
O brilliant love of the horizon sirens!

26. REVERENCE

We spoke of him and could not forget
The days of his glorious stride and conquest;
The shrine prayed his soul be praised.
Beyond the crag of hills and valleys o'er great palms
And trees hid a castle within golden clouded mists.
The learned hermit told weird and curious tales;
The explorers discovered historical statues
From the east and preserved them for museums;
The linguist translated songs of poets;
In the study of the old professor, the awe
Of respect held my attention at the
Surroundings; the inventor, anatomist,
The painter of peers are wreathed in tears;
And Nature's fair and beautiful bloom of immortal resist

27. IMMORTALITY

But only to be memories of spiritual gate,
Letting us feel the difference from the real;
Are not limits the sooth to formulate
Theories thereof, simply our ruler to feel?
Basques of statuettes of eruptions long ago,
Of power in symmetry, marvel of thought
The crafts attempt, showing rare aspiration;
The museums of the ancient fine stones
For bowls and cups found historians
Sacred adorations, the numismatist hath shown,
But only to be memories of spiritual gate,
Letting us feel the difference from the real;
Are not limits the sooth to formulate
Theories thereof, simply our ruler to feel?

28. ESSENTIALS

The ill sat to be with the calm
Spacious breeze; the thirsty man
Sought the fountain; the seasons
Cloaked the roving form; the
Scholar lit his lamp to see;
The guide showed the unknown
Path; consolation soothed the
Gentle soul and lent his
Strengthening mind relief; the poor
Were sheltered from mercy's grief;
Mother cared for the offspring's want;
Rain poured o'er the fertile soil;
The torch found the miner's haunt;
The bathers fought the ocean's hurl.

29. FLOWERS

O precious fading charm, thou canst
Lure the width of cosmic's glow!
Within its bright pealing shine
Thy lonely stem hath power e'en to
Conceive an evening speck far from
Mortal eye. Still closer dost
Thou render beauty's cries to balm
The Grecian set of velvet pores of crimes;
Silk, broad palms with spots of yellow,
Purple, shade soft jaded misty pines,
As horizon's paradise 'scape in view
Inspires sense to roam o'er ancient
Myths of eastern seas of varied form . . .
O faith of strangeness and perfumed immortal dew!

30. APPRECIATION

Appreciation needs no gods to succor . . .
Who speeds this universe of hours?
He never, that reasons, knew her claim
To be of fault, so unfelt from the same
Walk through gardens, castles and domes,
Baths in the Rhine, tells of museums,
Conches, an Orient to song that conveys
Happiness, luring souls from strays.
Hast thou beaten beauty's cleaves
That tend unwont to spiritual griefs?
But conscience rides thee here and there
To no resist, for thou canst not compare
The throne of unseen power o'er powers
That bulged the bags, drained Hippocrene of ours!

31. MEMORY

Gluttonous helium of thought's endowment,
What piercing awe hast thou bestowed!
O lantern of unveiled, standing glow
Upon my sensations wooed remorseless
Shadows peal! and yet canst hover
O'er retention's beat, through
Forgetful saints of Nature's comedy's
Crest have bent their solemn
Woes of life's domain 'pon real joy.
But thence slumber woke their
Earnest ties; and bright learning hope,
O tender guise sweet from soul's
Wanton gift, hath poured the
Simple ways in profound vital thrift.

32. SPIRITUALITY

In what finite tendon dost thou rise?
Though 'pon the omnipresence thence we find
The glory of wicked truth which flaps its wings to bind
All but the hollow lute, that pipes its strain yon
Lower hill mid vat of fragrance. Ah, ye
Melancholy 'frain, oft have I left thee
To slumber my memory of such real disdain!
I mend no path, since my faith is as
The star o'er noxious blue; within, my soul hath
Climbed unto thy tales of old, 'round fire listened.
I nobly saw that through history my youth came nigh
And whispered joy within my breast from efforts clear.
Forgive our memory stain! e'er this might of love
Hath meekly found its room, so called immortality.

The Apology
to Spirituality Sonnet.

In what finite tendon doest thou rise?
Through pon thy Omnipotence, thence we find,
The glory of wicked truth, which flaps its wings to
All! But the Hollow lute that pipes its strain
Bird
Lower Hill, mid the rat of fragrance, ah ye
'you!
Melancholy grain oft' Have? kept thee!
to slumber my memory of such real disdain
I mend no path! since my faith is but
A star ies nocuous Blue - within my soul Hath
Clomb unto thy tales of old - round fire listened,
I saw nobly, that through History - my youth
Come nigh -
And whispered joy! Ers this night of love!
Hath meekly found its room, so called immortality

S. B. J. 1915

33. SENSATION

The depth of the sea's surface, wrinkled motion,
Hath its horizon o'er its tarnished width.
Between heaven and earth these causes meet,
Where its phenomenon dries atmosphere damp
And sweeps the dew upon our golden shores,
Suspires wholesome wreathes in mists of silver,
Thus blends the crystal air through hoverment.
But man's verbal chide hath not power lore!—
And 'pon the seat of thought doth wonder its heart,
Where endurance, that can wholly save such treat
And quench this streaming strain, through veins doth quiver.
O my plaintive affections, thou hast foresworn
As in legend, myths of garden mint of flowers!
Ah, quite free, thy gift hath busied rest: Slumber nigh dreamy towers.

34. FANTASIES

Ah! shade unseen to tension teeming,
Through our stally pale insight veering,
Its monster claws uphold thy instant glance
Of raging flames that sustain
Its prolonged trance. There! hast
Thou not sat above the law?
Almighty's marrow thou canst diverge;
Who sanctified thy plaintive's lust?—
That classic rainbow unceasing hues
Upheld by the pillars of genius thrust
And bore the talent far from his own.
Thou canst not disguise a felon's worth,
Who reared demon's quest, resisted throne;
But love, within Hippocrene's wand, thou canst dissolve alone.

35. SADNESS

O uplifting relief in thy noble stratum,
O trembling sooth in sacred balms,
Thou hast but felt heart's bitter woes
Of softness in tentacles serene.
Melancholy robe and the holy
Felt degrees have pounded the
Soul to Almighty's bowing
Fear o'er our human sensual
Clay, in miniature, disregarded.
But this wide continuous pain
Must endure, lest we forget
Remaining crowns of thorns that
Withhold from lofty inebrieism;
Therein bear excuse formidable, patient.

36. LIFE

O pure ebbing strain of shadows' firmament
Must vanquish in its tide of lust through time's content;
To earth their seal through heaven's charm is sent.
The morning's soulful cloak, the evening's lowly fear
A forlorn gust of ocean wind as messenger sent here—
O man, thou art nigh alone with life!
And cleave the unfold's perfect rite.
Ah ye vain slaves, art thou not covered sheep?
Through vent illusions, O what sense o'er this deep
E'er it pour from thyself? I, meek, seek
Thus alone thy clear vein, drenched with love.
Past, O sadly soothed as a vanished lily grove,
O thou art at spirits' rest and my clay uphold;
Seek not I as sand the earth which sieves its mold?

37. FRIENDS

Ah, ye brotherhood glens, wherein our path must wend
Within the circle of sheer intrigue hence; passing on must tend.
And man's comrade cheated fear; pleading taint upholds cheer.
Ah, ye masters, at half-rope's end, there chides an emblem
That once remembered days, one's diary, detail prose,
Hath stated well the passing scene where spirits roam
O'er meadow lane, quite clear, near pearly springs have been
In weeping at thy deep response which, sensuous,
Gave its title sooth; and O thy twain as motherhood
Whilst reverend faith thou dost allow so good,
Where shall I claim my peace as life?
Upon this universe thou inspired love and field
And sent thy noble soul within mine to recease;
But now evil's faith doth not show, not at the knave.

38. KNOWLEDGE PURSUIT

Vain spirits, will both you and I gain
The ungained fund, which thou hast manifested,
The onward surge that conscience wooed?
Truth doth heat pulse's own quiet rest,
But e'er thy aim with ease can chatter,
As luminous twilight slowly fades,
Thus creation in either unfolds apparent shadow.
Neglect hath charmed and soothed the self,
Bathed goodness, while abandoned books
Have described the wild grass, that of flower
Drank my very soul that sank into pelf.
Flushed, misty, mellow hues, there in perplexed
Hindrance strange, floated bodies of translucent forms.
Ah, still orbs chide of watery tear and spirit vexed!

39. SKEPTICISM

What faith doth not bare obeyance lure?
Therein, even dwell the peace of complete magnitude.
O cause! an earth stood still and suspense endures
The harvests' reprove of thy spiritual good;
O mystic wine of clearing, whose keenness lost
The formula soar of the prelated genius,
Wrapped the cloak of bitter moods of yon tinted yore,
Times gaily retreat hath fathomed stern
Our heavens eternal, thick vapored hues
From whence? Thou, O lord, hath shorn
And given its critical spirit, its tender face.
Ah ye mighty specks, as beings from flame of wind,
Hast thou caused a shrill note within thy reach
And given salvation unto great illusive kind?

40. SELFISHNESS

Dowering lust, thy tainted ego's apparent thrust—
That of preciousness—viewed their offspring burden.
The unfelt, assuming vein of inert,
Unwoven silk of wind, fated; an adrift cocoon
That spun effulgence, powdered hues
O'er an orient vase, beat gay laurel wreaths
Against thoughtful brows and held its own.
O wandering haste, I chose such mien to pray;
But patient, sapient, script was sure to lose
Its stead lay, e'er I look about, forget to think of old
Grey night and day, but deem within
Confusion's lore that tore the
Reflex apart from me, thy beaten shell shall
Burst, hence ne'er to part with apparent, triumphant chaos.

41. TASTE

Among the fibres of created trails
There hath shown fitful ways of
Abstract views in exquisite grace.
Aesthetic shares its own hand,
Therein depicts an elegance that
Of rare beauty adorns Nature's face;
But sparks inspired of destined hail,
Immortal though at large, doth careless
And yet beguile folly's own bewail;
But thence at drums' beat, we usher
Self's lone command to bear its gain
Of varied classics and omnipresence' lore.
Temper heeds not, but urges fancy's eye,
That in afterthought passes unburdened critics by.

42. FORCE

O flawless might! though undeceived,
Hath carried unknown powers
Of frailty through mediums, as
The sun rays' forbearance 'pon
This fertile soil doth provide an
Easeful growth that patiently alloys.
Though inevitable pressure doth
Resist its tainted aid, that which
Matter forms inoculates solutions.
What crave doth not chide with
Mien's knowledge, legible to an
Interminable pursuit? Who hath governed
Science? and the wild classic lyre?
Religion? Teeming vapors, nature's condensed charms.

43. ODDS AND ENDS

The perfect gauze can irragulate prophecy
'Pon serious tempo, blame serene ratio
As string-adhered charm does to love!
The Venus hid 'midst the repelled poets,
Drilling their brains in beaten headaches.
Whistling of a being is coarse to insects
As lulling indolence to impression.
Content hath found the Bible a waste;
Thought has its independence, but
When displayed seeks another to
Cover its dignity of creation for sustenance.
O life, no sacrifice for thee but thine
Own wound of repulsive pleasures within,
Through the deep valleys of glorifying mirth, my soul ray hence!

44. COLOR GRAIN

O covering hem, my life to thee
Refuses to exalt of such powerful
Scale, thoughtful of its half plead,
Relates its charms through meditation,
Molds therein, seeing truth of values,
Quaint tonal sprays, sensual, grey,
Like streams through half shadows
Or silver reflections under crystal brooks.
Through clouded mixed dust, assorted, as
Near the equator, moon mingles with
The rays of the sun, as shells between
Sandy nooks. Waves of salt covers stir.
Then, glistening from their hidden sides,
Still feigned seekers shall feel its brand.

45. PLEASURE

Summer. Under the cool spring baths,
About the forest and o'er hanging twigs,
We felt the deep rain of chills and
Earthly joys, with mingled exhilarations
Reality conceived! But strength, unknown
Reaper of the pen, clears melancholy's
Creation and wears renaissance' robe.
The sweeping sea-gust swept o'er the
Spring blossoms, vast, beyond the
Hills of ice and snow, causing the
Early ground to appear in raw soil,
The great hay gatherers' wild yells
And the picnic parties' merriment
As content of unfelt, unburdened toil.

46. MORALITY

Unburdened soul of fidelity's gift
Hath carried thee to any thrift;
That pure and alien gate of thine
Canst render love into mutable wine.
Thus wade thousand men through right,
Cause the helmet, sword, to be put aside,
Lend social tear its bound of might,
Cleanse the earth of noble's tainted stride,
Wave the banner from intrigue's debate,
Crush the lawless of their gaining fate
And bend the wheel of justice for all,
Recover forbidding secrecy. Pursuits
Thus blot their mien, reveal its fruits,
Guide the blindfold creature from adultery's fall.

47. GREATNESS

An open source of panting relief,
Bewitching dreams realized from grief,
The abnormal mind slumbers in light
And counts the spheres of medium's delight,
Discovers fear to be. The healing, mild
As time from an unequal space and sky
Known to mind but to mortal nigh
The influence, changes his heart.
He knows not unworldly's common dart;
But shadows, rays from the woob of
All power darkening concept, unfold
The density of birth's hold, that
Were held by the images of Lord's chart!

48. A LADY

I've just been perusing concentration's
Remorse, debate, that is composition's
Remend, and yet felt too far from
Appreciation's treat: who may it be?
The gentle dignity's beauty I so often
Sought in secret to demonstrate
In high degree, whom predominance
Crushed to reblossom, that reflections
Sold their conscience' pride and turned
Its current to be unpowerful, as
The listless rainbow 'pon a pond doth
Chide. Fair daylight mourns the retreat.
O gallant love, how shall I claim
Content from thy ceaseless classic, self's attractive beat?

49. DEITY

O pathos, sacred reverend might,
Vain praise thou canst but choose;
Bear my soul to cover all knowledge
Bright, but thence reprove I lose.
Eternity holds the crest with ease;
The unknown equal skies submerge,
As tempests gleam of fear uncease
To blot in thunder, reopen surge,
As if to show their ingrown swedge.
How should my sacrifice lay for
Thee? How should mien humbly
Bleat? Hast thou not given me inner
Clay? That I may rest and repeat,
Yet still living beseech thy wonderous creation!

50. AUTHORS

Just what I wanted—to learn of Truth's
Veiling plain, who wrote the volume
That set my thought beating to gain
Acknowledgment, and yet feel uncommended!
The apparent craft of descriptions
Or rhythm, harmonies of Nature's
Chant—who kept renaissance in modern
Light? that we may behold our great
Esteem through reflection's hem.
Who tamed the influence of Heaven's chart,
Mapped the unknown space of stars,
The weaving fictions of chromatic truth
Or the quoted scriptures of facts displayed,
The philosopher's tale that content hath marred?

51. ARTISTS

Although life bares the burden of clay,
It tends toward the secret phase of poetry;
But Nature limits its focus, beam
That soul hath covered with ease unseen,
The quality of resemblance' shade
Perfection's orb can but deeply trade;
Belief alone can strongly claim
The vision of transparency, render
Theories through memory, and unfold
The birth that instinct's fancy will
Reign, bring close the fear of reality.
Who hath built the art in Rome
And set the Greek Orient aflame
That bore an archangel across renaissance' memory.

52. PHILOSOPHERS

The hour of observation richly bore
The manifestations of forthcoming beauty.
The dense and restrictive theories
Were guides to noble explorations
And joyful tidings. Earnest endeavor
Discovered human possibilities; the
Scientist discovered the practice of the
Doctrine and spread the news everywhere.
Who has discovered the power of reason
And stole medium's vital crest?
But conscience tells the prophet—
Who is the genius of Morpheus
That shall unveil spiritual immortality
Before judgment's peerless insight quest?

53. SCIENTISTS

O patient gatherer of useful
Claim, thou who hast studied
Its deep moral fact into abnormal
Revelations, whose epitomized creation
Has helped the scholar to proceed
And waken century's struggle in
Hope and unbelieved complications,
Humble historians asked thy aid
To qualify the deeds of ages ago!
The hermit astronomer encouraged
Thy course: hast thou not given
Beauty its lofty chide, to all
Unseeming followers and servants
The essence from Nature's technical abide?

54. WAR

Mettle of rust doth ne'er combine
To man of figure, brain and form,
But venom's strength can here
Forswear the tile that reasons shorn.
O brutal, blind, thou art uncursed
As the weeds that bend from decay—
Canst thou not tear? O stable aid,
That sense doth nigh rejoice
Of the roots that thou hast, grey
From immortality, O ruler of Celt—
Thou hast torn breasts, eyes and skulls
And left behind upon a grassy bleed
The essence of raw cut skeletons
That bathed therein immaculate mystery.

55. PEACE

The blue, faded purple, horizon mount
Seemed to bellow the valleys in mists
Of enriching, ensuing, divine shadowings . . .
Where may this be? Perhaps unpopulated
Crags of stepping rocks, where thought
Slumbers, inhaled thought, unbearing
Real earth that refines e'en the insects' muse.
Royalty defies the haunt they chose,
Therein mingles wild, perspective charm,
As immortals' thorny, entangled growth
'Mongst the field of oaks, pressing steep
Twilight's veil, Milky Way's fence; the deep,
Lionized eagle hisses o'er this scene;
Birds, wild swans, glide palely o'er a charming stream.

56. POETS

He neither wrote, nor uttered murmur at wonder,
But grew upon his rich, reigning, lofty desire
And hung the earth 'pon each fading fancy,
Pressing nothing that he noble can lyre,
But can afterward use, when beauty
Doth hinder its pregnant, epitomized lore.
He sat as an extricable prisoner, bound
To essence that he sought to emancipate,
Kept pounding an anvil of generation core
And exchanged his soul a thousand ways
At the rate of centuries unfelt round,
As though cloud repeats cloud through days,
Or nocturnal heaven's beaten lights
That mock the day from suspense of heights.

57. EDUCATION

O tender guide, how thy endeavor doth improve!
The lowliest kind, from his blinded course,
Told the tale that influence searched,
Dressed spirits' mien through conventional resource,
Built reverence to have its facile worth,
Cultivated raw and barren lands
That strife did woo from earnest hands,
Chained the brute from curse and pain
Who deemed in thanks a life-long gain.
Make known its proud and lustful stride!—
That ruin would ere long betide,
O light that of heavenly staring beam
Hath borne dreams with thee to be unfancied.
Such clearness—e'en night pends such teem.

58. WORDS

One sad scrutiny from my warm inner self:
This age hath but the pleasures of its own,
And that which rises from my inner tomb
Is but the haste of the starry splendor dome.
O thought, the deep hath fear of thee,
Lest thou dost not vanish too soon,
O bitter messenger of thousand truths!
And still the cast of yearly unnumbered woob
My love did plead at the summer spray.
Ambition swallowed all that is gay,
And the coral bid my frenzied state
To doubt the ill that the world hath made.
Another morning must I wake to see
That lowly pain—O that conquering script—cannot banish me!

59. ESSENCE

The opera singer softly sang
Like the pellucid birds of Australian
Thicket. Anatomy's lace wrung
The cells of thousand feelings
And tastes; centigrade's power
Told climates revelations;
The psychologist felt the heart;
The poet's instinct slumbers apart.
Through the parks the forest
Filled the air of incense pure;
The painter bent his brush
Through sensation's quest . . .
Time weeps in patience' duration,
Through scepters creates emotional resist.

60. CRITICISM

Who shall blot our errand of disease?
Come, O slave of bearded ages, tell
Who needs thy memory's tales of Heaven sustained,
Decadent circles of past ordained.
Shall I apply to those of seeming just?
Hence, merely reviewed of futured chaos,
But seek in lowly symbol my outermost
Talent that rarely can be masterfold,
As one breath from the mountain view
Or the inner caves of the mammoth structure—
They rarefy my love's due and cease
To be sentiments; the chariot is noble
And unfelt, mind presence. Mind,
Nature firmly derives and lav to increase.

61. SENSE

O king of terminable risen pathos,
That immortal goal hath wrought
Happiness to memory; thus
Bent the enlivened soul to endowed
Perseverance and fed the earthly
Men in curious abolutionary
Details, shall ne'er remove the
Crown of bitter tales that traveler—
Sober—relates to generations about the hearth.
The animadversion bows and acquaints us of
The love of centuries gone and circling,
The consuming distance to be
Incenses fragrant from the east or
Music's spasms, as master crafts to poetry.

62. CHARM

Charm! the haunt of soul's inspiration,
The gilded spirals of feigned illusions,
The exhilaration of love's committance;
The great awe of Aeolians blurs mutations.
Wild, luscious, shimmering silk hues of roses—
The lure of slumber's innocent hum
That o'er sylvan, almond shades at night
Breathes the tiny stars of moonlight—
Bright keep the slur of insects' muse astir
Beneath the tall blowing alfalfa's lowly blades.
The early sky recurls her clouds with deep purple,
Again sieves revelation of cosmic's change
And heals the twilight of orbs' restitution,
Leaves its remains in the circle of sun's abolution.

63. SUN, MOON, STARS

They have drifted before my seeming sight
Like principles' effusive, fluttering stains,
And often fear the unerring light
In steady, curious constrain;
But what leniency doth it prepare!
Can I mark them as earth, desert, sea?—
That of quaintly sieving grain doth hint
Extricable details of charms that they
Contain, or of characterism's woob
Of tempo, as content, love, unceasing
Immortality . . . But knowledge doth not
Convey self's inclination of thought
To gaze at secular specks up high in
Their abnormal peal, reappearing naught.

64. HEAVEN

Slumber remained dark and unfelt, silent hum
Of the waving breeze fanned the open spheres;
The current blew the tall barren trees
Until dawn hath shown her fleeting clouds
That grew as the scepters of earthly legends,
Long wont to fare in their oncoming roam.
The wing puffs of forgotten angels that ivy
Hath worn awoke, the inimitable shades
Reflecting, diminishing. Seeming images
Strive onward, as if fleeing from the arrows of
Beaming luster, that of birth requires departure
Of the unreached luminous palls of seeming clumps of snow.
Through it glisten pearly greys, like fettered dust
That slowly peers, the dusk of the faintly nocturnal moon.

65. PASSION

O pathos inborn, command o'er will's aim,
Whose treatise hath warned immortal youth
From dire proceeding, through influence
Can withhold its guise, upbraiding
Discipline to mortal. Gifted paths
Still bear doubtful grace in finding its
Course; self's relief doth quote nigh.
Marvel returns, but each point of view
Shall inherit temptation that
Fitteth its claim and not direct pulsive
Purity. Who sprung apostle fame?
That ointment of crystal oil bathed the cranium
Of Saint Christ; or judgment day's
Furious light claps and thunders earth's unripe ways.

66. EXISTENCE

Spent my days o'er leas of deep swollen fields;
I sat high 'pon a hill viewing earth's
Blossom craft, still glued my
Attention from its pleasure growth,
Storing lofty visions; for after
Inspiration's treat of original's claim,
This wide plant about standeth still
And heaven, its every blossom, waits,
Heedeth no profession's turn; but mine
Must fare in blitheful spirit, roam
And lay conscience 'pon my slumber deep
And soar beyond power's own. That Nature
Doth bleat, who sings now, if not
Content?—O being of human kind!

67. LETTERS

A perfect arrow! Whether retold in missions,
Poise continues an unerring guide,
There hath wrought love! But to receive
Thee in pulsive innocent content, though
In behave must learn of its completion;
O travel without cause through rendered
Depth, unceasing, patient densities
Of guilt and comfort; and canst store
The bellows of oriental ciphers of lust,
As exercise will embellish the thorn
And yet encourage unseen enemies born;
Will not strengthen thy immortal lore,
Since reverie, foretold, seeks to enclose
Its heavenly remittance and chiding thrust.

68. DESIRES

Thou who in thy woob hast promising content,
Leaves traces of soul's amendments
Enduring infallible discipline, that
Which generation arrears in confiscation;
But feigned gentlety shall passion demur,
And truth of morning's autumn air
Breathes the hums of blossoms' greens into
Our sphere of exhilaration, as shadows pure
Pass and refade. Still, memory through
Sensual debate lures the unseen lyre,
But none are too many within pathos' gate,
That wend their pensive guides from far east.
Who sprung Achaean's muse abroad
That gasped in silver air-line spray?—
As art from masters great hath won the least.

69. SCULPTURE

O image of truth's veil and triumphant mold,
Whose counselor left immortal wonderment
To build the chosen guise of temper's love,
The fame of earthly form from desired
Inspirement that calls youth to sober
Alertness to combine the lightness
Of mind's transparent thought, though real
Of charming dreams, foretold, conceived,
Beheld by generation's blossom, various
Of spring; and who has revealed before
The depth of content and past illusion,
Solved the nature of his attempts . . .
Reason doth highly praise and bare amends,
Confirms the placid whole in same conclusion.

70. SHADOW

When thought, forsooth my vision's aim,
There hath lain before me, clear,
The silent seas, mountains, sylvan fields
That concrete many kind, stately formed;
Whether their change sought to be
Real, unreal, light or shade,
Still complete and simple o'er
Its observation's meet I did
Behold heaven, earth and
Its holy bleat upon its evolving,
Sacred, unformed of beaten hues
And altered tints arrayed.
Even damp, rainy gusts of the compass
Foretell the strangeness of wholesome greet.

71. LUST

Her statue of white marble upheld
The palls of eternities' focus, unseen
Beam, but of a seeming morpheus
All-power of exhilaration to
Forgive, drew the reins at festive's
Trait and brought Hellas to her
Toes; for luster hath surmised
Inpouring rainbows of satiety's silhouette.
Cosmic's lotus shadowings and
Lewd satyr's passion sought
Refuge before their uprisen
Luminous waves. All fell to
The sensual net of lecherous
Wounds, abiding from spiritual thought.

72. NECESSITY

Whose wean left thee empty, O 'pelling guise,
Where in thy power's depth doth crave
Inevitable season, that of Holy Spirit sustained,
Why must I knight my future grave?
Before the lamp of Heaven's search
My soul hath slumbered in captured ties.
Thou who art the forgetful knave,
The mood in outward surge must wave;
There its burden follow must
Through teeming heat in awe recite.
I lowly fare thy disdained trust,
Though ofttime cantor's weary bate
Hath merged my anxious, weeping heart
To fulfill deity that ancient gods of yore have lit!

73. COMPOSITION

A wreath that flitters uppermost, spends its whole
Where its birth doth newly convey
And glide its thought—cloud into pussel, that
Reels as one—and to its goal!
What tender dream hast thou felt?
Who may this lofty spirit be
That soared in passion, bore the rainbow hues
And tore such skeptic heart from thee?—
Each word to feel my body lame
And ne'er to think that form should reign;
Ah, days of old—past—my childhood care,
The sieve of patience came on to strain,
Has sought in fever to know and share
Thy perfect rite; but O such product love rang gain.

74. MIRTH

Upon the high mount, low, of heavenly stars,
Sweeps the deep, eternal muse
Of vapored calm refading blue.
I sought the hill, that of radium
From the moon espies our grove;
There the rustling, quivering blades about us
Through flower, clover and feigned
Images around us flitter and rise.
Restless floated hoods and cloaks.
That cape of fluttering, as rivals meet
Through wind that causes gaiety, sings
Its caressing lyre breeze, there
In enthralled lust's displayed creation
Has sought its tribute of love's tacit guide.

75. POETRY

Poetry, the father of time's art, in lengthened strains
Hath mowed the heart, shown each traveler 'pon his
Flight the golden treasures of Nature's might.
Through long forgotten lore we seek thy futile right,
Upheave thy leaves in fragment script, whose
Genius was of peace to see; hence lowly his
Feather dips, bears its charm through vital thought,
Thus crumbles within view and palm the method
Wrought. O thou with all patient sooth hast waited
Vainly, whose sanguine merits of early days
Have searched through song divine which he hath
Loathed, brooded o'er thy melancholy chain.
O heart-winged lyre—I now in fervent pain
Do meekly woo, revere past's noble gain.

76. FORGETFULNESS

For such in state, I would on.
Hast thou not some treasure here,
That which instinct can atone for?
O placid Time, still thou through innocent
Presence hast worn past's guilt
Frustratively. The traveler left the
Glowing shore and sped the influence
To recover. Grief alone sensates
Relief from bodily envy and pain.
If I only knew the fields I passed
That thou dost tell me now!
From thought, canst thou describe
The Orient from whence thou hast come?
They who are of honor unknown are bright at hom

77. PHILOSOPHY

Whose omnipresence wakens doubtful peers,
Opens wisdom's apparent thrust-out years,
Beholds the laurels of love and grief,
Tells the deeper mind his onward thrive,
Acquaints us with mortals' amity
And frees our thoughts, but none to agree;
O simple sage, how can I feel thy praise
That e'en religion thou hast refrained
From purer densities, but ne'er to apprise
Which thou dost not amend to ordain.
And yet, nigh, doth treat beauty's graze
By lore's perfections, brought the wanderer
To exalt in peace and feign eternity's
Enriching seat, that infinity doth render.

78. REFLECTION

O all-power, sweet singing lyre,
In my lonely self hath found complete
Content and view of thy vast,
Graceful, unfelt, untold beauty.
From my seat I see chasms
Of spacious, breathing forests
And Heaven's ocean wide,
Of sinking quality, as clouds that
Force beneath their shadows' creation.
Seems as if life's limit sorrows
After death. Who shall inherit
Its eternal grandeur and breathe
Eternity's seat? O Lord, thy
Promise of immortality is as thy everlasting growth.

LYRICS

NOTE

THE POEMS in this section are excerpts from longer poems which did not seem to us successful; but certain parts of these poems stand as wholes and these we have included. THE EDITORS.

INVISIBLE GRACE

I am weak and must be tortured!
The swallow that flew
In his peaceful grace . . .
O God, take my soul I forfeit
Like the bird that vanished
In space!

A cloud is my home; the body in conscience
Is born in a weary clime,
While I trail along
In restful barrenness,
Void of self, song, and time!

THE CHARMING MAIDEN

Blow, O wind!
Blow unto the maiden's cheek!
The flowers that bloom in gardens
Are the lovely color we seek.

The days of love are early,
The years of love are late;
The spirit lurks within, O soul
That shuts no human gate!

Kiss my cheek, fair maiden—
I'll say farewell to thee;
My heart is deeply laden
With facts from reality.

PONDS

Far out at sea,
The power of lifeless breath
Is taken by the awe
Of steep eternity.

CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

My life of slow
And beating pulse
Tells thousands of
The truthful course.

But steady, hold;
The weight of lust
Can bring thy mortal high
Who wears the shepherd's girdle.

THE EVER MUSE

The shadow, man, is like music of Nature;
All sing at will and pouring heart.
The sudden tempest bursts, must hail as a vast stretch of
Sunlight, heaven blue, the song of the brooks and banks
Of the incoming spraying waves, lure of the mighty
Forest-bellows in winter—and in summer, evolve in song!

A TALENTED NATURE

Pleasant words to memory
Are pleasant to imagine.
How dark thy skull is covered
And face so purely saddened!

But clothes have enveloped thy grace
Like a poorly set-in flower.
Why dost thou garment thy pace
That should have its turn of power?

The source of talent, O Nature—
How slow and firmly it grows!
Calm thy wrathful spirit, O brother,
From the stupid financial foes.

You endless, tireless being,
There hovers the invisible judge,
Admires from the distance, seeing
What assails their acknowledge.

Here we lack expression;
How sinful 'tis to state
Thy accessible, unknown tension,
Thy impulse to formulate.

VEILED CHARMS

In the fields went we,
Though at ease of spirit;
It looms over our grasp
Which mirth doth inherit.

One day, cold and sad,
The veil seemed stronger than ever—
In shut holiness armed—
And left a scar of melancholy fever.

THE WEAK BODY

My weak body has been free
From friends and loved relations.
What is this to bring unto thee,
O God of pure grace and condensation?

In first sight of mirror plays
The strength of body to shadow,
Lets me wonder how its ray
Of voice, motion, and madness
Lets love dream away.

THE LITANY IN BRONZE

I fell for the candle
With naked delight
That opened the shadows
In fear of flight.

I soon thought of rest—
It was bitter to think.
My candle seemed lost
As a burning desire,

Or a tired god,
Sick with love,
That teemed his last breath
From wonders above.

Can he help us roam
On this vision he saw,
In whose light he relates
That which is present?

His eyes were the spirit;
And the prayer he had won
Was before the altar,
Shielded by veils as the sun.

MIND CONFUSIONS

I'd not speak nor
Utter the pulse
That lowly travels
Blindly its course.

Sad, and many years . . .
Can soul, the instinct,
With love and fears,
Prop its burdened link?

HINDU HORIZON

The falcon swung the river strips
That lined the shaded skin,
That wove the lust of gleaming rite
Within the temple dim.

There were graded skulls
In velvet folds
And scenes in plural fans,
That dashed the crayon
Crisp in molds
And tombed all foreign lands.

VISIONS TO THE POET

Steep and deep from the ragged mount
Where the high seas glaze the shores—
The eternal dread in the mortal frame
Where the solitude vaguely snores—
The Garden of Eden with essence pure . . .
The phantom, glowing in each blossomed cause,
E'er sweeps the temperate atmosphere—
Here the poet's charm must pause.

TO FRIENDSHIP

Consolation consoled depth,
A sob I sobbeth for more;
For my total temper is temper with thee:
Once again I sob at thy door.

I dare not believe half I say,
Lest the ideal fumble and crack
Such power in promise,
But sorrow and grief that lacks . . .

A sip and another sip—
We can drink and ne'er feel vain;
The burden lieth before the past
To refresh and maintain.

There breathed a soul of pearl and fear,
Who in his feign hath but weeping,
E'er he wrests from ill but cheer
That sorrows from love's beating.

The tale of an orb's purple
Was but the slumberer dim
From the space that let life joy therein,
From the winds of beastly trace.

The banner shade was the crayon oil
By the painted dives of monotonous swamps,
As if heat glowed the colors into beaten foil
Which stripes the path of lamps.

He never lived nor ate,
Nor breathed the wind;
And sat not with love
That coiled his fate.

OUR JOURNEY BEGAN

I thought of art, love.
We all must fare
The same kind of muse
As the traveling glare.

The list of eye cannot withhold
The joy of explanation bold
As foreign lands I'll
Never see.

I'll move for comfort;
I'll think a sleep—
And wake the marble perfume
From which my soul stirs inner deep.

DEATH

O loose way of self, unbounding force,
In what way can we remember man?
As thou dost here forebode a source,
The stolen joys of saints untold a feign;
Reckless doom, who art thou to flower?
Where spearest thou us alone for hell?
I can no more fetter, chase or dower,
Thy moaning sack, unmoaned in, fell,
A breath of goodness dost thou cast
And yet sayeth natural a bow!
Thus makest thou us untrained a blend!

JOHN THE BAPTIST

God has shown to us a wonder path,
Whether 'tis darkness or light . . .
The seasons, the enemy of unknown dreams
Or the psychic philosophers of evolution in birth,
Were in trance where the Vikings of stargazers
Discovered hidden bodies in darkness.
Thus this lofty joy contains sincerity
Through science—so are the rest of us
A path that simply is opened and sentimental;
Harshness disturbs, thus forever influenced
By many prostitutes, that hell is too great a
Meaning for their heavenly superstition
That often shows itself in thy immortality;
Meaning after thy death, what thou
Hast chosen and exemplified as truth!

THE TUSKS OF BLOOD

My chant must enclose hell
And yet here leave behind
Myself of touch and vow;
My hour has come when gales—
The brief song of Greek—
Have found the inner teeth alone.
Here listen, someone is calling—
Why the ugly praise and fate?
Shall I be a joiner to this
And leave here the good hope?
Not to prank the lucky star
I'll apologize, wait until
The great way works for woe!

Woe? never, you Parsifal;
Never—and by the trait of love's
Light shell, sneering outpour.
Not to blame—wait, a travel
For an excuse; a good life lay
In the real actions, the pomped
Horn, and the pardons of a door.
What interfering, cloaked love
Rules my thoughts!
Shall I write: O anger, hast thou
Not treated thy refuging forbear?
Perhaps I can walk a bit
To my truthful veins and relate
The sport of the steeds that trot
The stirring muscles of an earthly
Gait and my hearted glow.
O worm, worm-heated soil,
Peal sad mereing folds
Where cometh a home afar;
And again a slow fainting ghost
Gliding over a path easily seen . . .
God! some voice disturbs me
From the inner room;
I catch the subject: Death!
Death, what a careless value
To such aged spirits. Again
A sad remark. Life not valued
By such retired souls, who
Should be apart to believe
Justice . . . Ah, man, not thy boast!
He was a marked lad
Who poorly helped himself.
What should this mean?
Fill your pockets—I'll let
You know the grass of a grave.

O the pillars of silk and good tea,
Confusion of women, the bare bust—
Embarrassment, carnal filth
Of its justice lacks environment;
O creaking earth, necessity; hell,
No more wise; then the next child—
What can he give?
You pallid stork, gazing—
Who gazed before you, cooled
The summer spray?
Very bad for an apartment Jew to claim
Everlasting renaissance.
What a delivery was this,
Sucked by secret gilded creatures
Who slew gold for a membrane!
O tear, sped into the basin
Of sparkling night aghast in silence,
And the pipes' swift pain
Of the boiling steam shocks uplifting
You, endless wretch of silver!

A

PROSE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

Dear Daniel:

1. The blunt and unclearing skies have covered an open fair weather. It reminds me of the postcard you sent which was somewhat artistic. In its care and pure appreciation for good conduct it gave a tinge of joyous flattery. To tell you that proof is better than question is fine certainty. Your question contained a strong desire of careless love; even *that* can't escape in this manner of heavenly faring like under tree and rock, building and yard, schoolhouse and playground, where I occupied a spirit with the rest of my companions in the streets of New York.

Vienna is a dim symphony, so this note can halt even the strength of memory; although I have practiced poetry and art, they cannot assist me in the rare movements about the Austrian capital, for you know how young I was at the time of departing hence. . . . Some slight agreeable adventures when Adolf took me to the forest: the fantasy of ghost stories overwhelmed my conscience. They left me alone in the woods but returned to find me crying in utter despair of fear, "Morris!"

2. Who thought my reverence was high enough for Emperor Franz Joseph in the hof of Kaiser and Koenigliche? I tipped my cap suddenly as the carriage of the King and his men passed by—but the faint smile of the Kaiser Franz Joseph is still clear and distinctly felt by me in this anxious affair of waiting to see him roll by as we deeply hide in gentle honor.

Vienna seems a big city when we recall the railings and squares, such as the Prater. That gives a little touch to the realism of my present belief. I can yet feel the clean streets, the finest ways of the

* Written over a period of about a month and finished probably at the end of November 1916—THE EDITORS.

languid German accent of politeness, the post where the historical memories loom—oh yes—bicycle-riding boulevards and the long way to the school gate. The classrooms are perhaps improved. Since I can see but weakly through nature, I behold a boys' assembly with a teacher, as in the U.S., at the head of the room, fairly large enough for us. But the light and working of the furniture were not so agreeable—as if you were living in a room made of panels.

3. Here I may inspect a personal relic. The tale that father told afterward about the Vienna rolls that the bakery messenger left on the sill was a spark of fine comfort to me and sad enjoyment:

till the moving from a place to the Josephine Gasse,
and the birth of our beloved delicate Celia
was a curious shout about the bird in the olive pond
who brings babies back and forth,
until I was sick of childish, unreal, wondering disgust.

My nose was plaintive, of unusually large play, a sight for those who wished to wipe it when the nostrils relieved tears.

There was a house that had windows facing the open street in which we lived: the holy family of embroiderers. We were somewhat acquainted with a gang of stray alley Arabs, but they were unfit for moral speech—used to shout our names from a street off the main passing street, in that alley like a street. They sat on logs which were prepared for telegraph purposes. This often was mingled with the bravery of stealing apples from stands near grocery shops; it led to our dignity a hate and we soon reformed, omitting their acquaintance.

4. Well, dear Daniel, it is unfortunate to write in bed. I can yet feel the music and the dingy room with music copies laden, where Clementi and Czerny were so sweetly chanted and practiced until late in the night; an oaken piano and many people shuffling here and there in warm cozy corners. As of Beethoven flame they sang and watched you perform. Candles and low divans and carpets gave a glow of life and cheer to such environment, which is as much out of habit nowadays as dictation.

I have rested from writing at the end of "dictation." The plain

fact is I like to steal a bit of personal instinct from some unusual feeling like talent or gift and terms of such meanings that may lead me to some deeper insight as to what justice the soul can demand; so in this retreat I see a sunset,

a bloody ruby glass of flat diamond mystery
underneath a fleece of fair purples,
and pale, placid yellow gold
clouded in the rounding of a horizon
of great fool-cast of illumination
resting unknown, cerulean,
between spattered, archaic, dead blue hues.

5. After our ways and cares at that time when life grew to its height, a dispersal or a waver of happy opinion of the riches in the west brought to a conclusion a large amount of stuff that had to be sold—and nice things we lost and almost for nothing gave away.

Daniel, that theater of toys was your masterpiece in life's youth. Adolf was appointed to lead the show, a real comedy; and the end was we were a bit confused as to the price of dealing and selling the pantomimic amusement. However, the notion was auctioned and the $50.00 was an addition to our fund for travel—fifty dull dollars.

Well, we gathered our things as well as we could and sent our great man, the old soul of peace (God knows what purity he was then—and is now!), to the United States of America. Here I may be mistaken: Jacob Greenberg was capable of mastering his own independence. And he sailed before we did and took no money from the family. But we disposed of the house articles later and sailed with mother only; who is the heroine of life's care and great insight of love to me.

6. It really is amusing to request information through advanced classic lore. Education seems never to give enough! So it is the plight of unrelieved wisdom and cure of character. I still can say that I wear an air for a tear, or a tear for a mirror, enjoy content and continue doing so.

On the trip across the ocean there was little for me to see, for I was too ill to stir on my feet. I know that Daniel ate more fish and

cabbage than any of us on the steamer—not a bad name for a ship —*Lake Ontario.* And so we departed—from the old world to the new.

But still my eye sows back to the east of marvel and justice of natural honor; so it returns to my point of sentiment and fancy. Of the friends you had, some were artists, some were of excellent families, etc. However, we seem a bit doubtful as to my age to depict adventures abroad, again must admit premature occurrence.

How about the landing on the shores of Columbia?

Well, it seems I must stop; my bed is being placed in open air for night's rest.

7. From the miniature of writing thoughts that have and will give brighter resource to my mind and perhaps leave a stronger phase of pleasing attitude:— It was morning; a chill hung in an airy altitude, but soon after the hot and silent beverage I turned my gaze upon this regarded medium which perhaps *may show.* A good deal in this showing desire rests with me. Thus ends certain dislikes and graces which contained the source of expression in early childhood.

The arrival of the ship *Lake Ontario* was very careless. In its entering the port, the dinner below the deck seems to have been neglected. As we arrived, the mere serving of coffee or cocoa by a colored man was a bit late; and mother, who was of quick insight, noticed that we were disregarded—especially I, who stood on one end instead of the middle. Well, it was a peculiar moment. Both Morris and I had sailor suits of bright and cheerful aspect. At the tumult in landing shipments, we were all in the midst of drinking coffee and cocoa. Passing under the Brooklyn Bridge was almost fatal. Adolf, who slept near me on a large casing or wooden box, suddenly fell off. The reason was soon enough discovered: a father of vapors shared the river of light through its opening way . . . and perhaps many more were hurt upon the boat.

We did not stay too long and were soon landed, examined, thoroughly questioned. Mother had her hair unloosed while I had my mouth examined, and so forth with the rest.

8. Quality answers for quality. In my development through man-

ners and unguided ways of youth I found slow progress in meeting the people who would lead me to the proper swing and crest that would bring the true harmony within and without: there is no complaint.

Soon enough I was admitted into the public school by some difficult detailed event. Both father and mother anxiously endeavored to make rare conclusion of the excellence I showed in the European classes, with papers of the immigration and the health certificate shown to principal and teacher, who gladly appeared to accept foreign characters.

By the fancy problems and abnormal cheer of the large display of classroom and polished desks, I soon was a contender to a chair of philosophy and science. Ah, I can clearly remember the letters of the alphabet written upon the blackboard and being told to make a copy of it to take home and rehearse. Here I soon became acquainted with girls as well as male companions, who were willing to assist me in school lessons at home, but it never occurred to me that they were anxious to follow friendship in secret service through fairy-land development. My route to the academy of class 1A in the street of Suffolk, School 160, was soon a cozy environment. Early morning before the opening of the gates we obtained a delicious breakfast from a candy stand—a penny a cake, and a cup of cocoa adding two pennies . . . eh—good omens.

9. In the handsome path of 1901 and 1907 I was a reaper of hard fact and geographical bliss; a whole world of purity and history was given to me to take home and examine at my interest. It was an unusual thanks-given material that served as an unconscious guide in my spiritual labors.

There were many who wished that we stay away from school, for the very day of fairness itself was enough to educate a lizard. At certain times it was indeed very tempting, and I made an hour in the morning a king's absence from his throne. My step was really not dangerous; all I cared for was to indulge in the liberties of the national sports that the boys create between classes. Well, much to my disappointment I was always alone—alone.

But as soon as I was told that school was over!—an unusual pride in the exercise of ball games took place in the mud of the gutter, where I was a constant menace to the shopkeeper and passer-by—and almost led to arrest, this wild stupid desire of play, at which I was a rank phantom of grace and easy applicant. Yet 'tis not a loss; the immortal assistance is still at large. The very game is an unusual sport, like wisdom, and seems to give me great truth when I lose myself from life.

10. The transfer of scholarship was very sensitive to me. I often even disliked to be promoted in a new room merely because it was a new room.

Strangeness was becoming an awe of interest in watching women in pretty gowns with men on the streets. I sometimes would be influenced to fight another boy of my physique, or lured to show my exposing talents with a pair of leather worker's ivory sticks and create a rhythm that negroes and Indians would highly demand.

Well, I was not so old during the time of the Roosevelt election. My task was to sell posters:—"I told you so"; also wickedly filed my way through Chinatown. I have not a clever memory to describe the little adventure. It is a fact that Japan and China were a mist of wild fear to me. The feeling of the earthly care became so dull, all that was the East Side history became a laurel of use to keep me from abnormal craze.

11. I'm still in school. Christmas was a very beautiful observance of kindness. Visitors came from all parts of the city to give little gifts. The children were delighted to return their ways toward the teacher's care and make amends by buying silk kerchiefs in neat wrapped bouquets and ribboned parcels; and so bended a curious circle which became a tame class the following day.

Once more my night has come to finish this informational page. A bed of rare gift, unknown to me as never joyless, will try to keep the pretty thoughts from escaping unnoticed, so that we shall decide in real life where the judge of compensation lies.

Happy in an absent state of mind I gave vent to copying Lincoln

and Washington statues, which was soon noticed by the schoolmaster, who said I should go to drawing academy and gave me a name: Cooper Union. I never was anywhere from home to dome!

I return to tell that conditions changed, and I was promoted to higher honors, which was in a street called Attorney near Rivington. There I kept learning arithmetic, spelling, reading, and the teacher was very anxious to have me draw Lincoln.

12. The mornings lead to fatal inspiration. It is thought that gives memory the charm of desire.

Here I may say I still devour peaceful askance for desire's notice. The picture that gave me fame among my street companions was a water color drawing of a ballplayer in his uniform.

Since then nothing more occurred regarding the opinion of art, but I kept on receiving the courtship of social entertainment from fellow men of the dime novel nobility.

There grew a curious zealous appetite for the Boy of '76: a hero who never fails in his attempts, nor finds his way safe in all battles, but still creates wonderful results with pure clean ladies kissing him for his earnest cheer.

Many secrets and deep meditations as to how my money should be accumulated for books gave me a greed of retiring selfish impulse and amusement. There was an instant or a happening between business hours which was deeply offending—O this keeping life in daily appreciation of financial necessity, that kept me from my reading—perhaps was a friend although felt keenly as an enemy! My father, who needed certain materials for working purposes in the line of embroidery, gave me a path into his secrets of buying fine bullion and silver thread. That alone was feignedly encouraging to drive me away from my novel interest, but I felt angry. So did father, and I had to go away to relieve kindness and reason.

I soon was a victim to other insults because of these sloppy books and sloppy thoughts for which were no mortal judges of enjoyment and protected influence from natural dangers. I was often with Morris, a brother of luck and ambition, who took pleasure in the

frantic chase for compositions toward classic melody and rhythm, chanted rare music which would keep me like a moth near a lamp to the piano he played. He never liked such books.

13. Well, still in a close term—to add a sentence of redeemed or unredeemed life.

The beauty of kindness in our household was at its height, even as a noble stirs in a castle of embellishments:

Plush of red, plush of green
And spangle brilliancy glimmering here and there,
As the sea sand and a summer,
Shining silver light destroying love and thought,
But bringing sober lust into the hearts of dreamy temper.

We often found our father laboring over a frame of gold—a real act so easily remembered—some working maidens at his side; and perhaps even our mother took part in the exquisite handling of thread and stitch. Some pure Hebrew atmosphere gathered between our doors. Rabbi and priest, negro and Greek, such fathoms of character sprang up between the embroidery tasks. Such were the emblems of far and wide doings that have passed through our environment. There were some great things produced during the time on the East Side with the workings of gold and silver lining, which were given to churches of the finest temples.

So, with an empty head full of no aim, I wandered here and there, from one window of toys to another, but nothing was so deeply set as the leisure crave, or perhaps unresisting helplessness that gave me an upward gaze to become independent.

Yet school meant nothing to me, not even when I heard the piano at its wild, sonorous display.

We had beautiful visitors, since the lessons which Daniel taught to pretty ladies became a languid familiarity and friendly concerts at home. This raised curiosity and a pleasant thrill that I might become a listener to the music they performed.

Singing and dancing, weddings and masquerades, card-playing neighbors, landlords, holidays vanishing like food on a plate.

14. It does me good to begin digging and adjusting past charms of action. The nights at home were in some respects comfortable. There were often discussions with artists, which brought Daniel into the painting habit. We closely watched him perform near a big canvas, which was being carefully prepared and often observed as a piece of talented labor. We thought the same way—bought canvas and brushes and began smearing, although I did not begin to care for fine arts until later. Morris, whose pearly fingers exhibited rare eyesight, gave me an example of artistic insight.

Do you remember, O Daniel of name and nation, the concert you gave in a hall—a hall which educated the public of east New York in general discipline? The concert was a healthy one, but I came near not seeing it performed. The day was a pleasant one and even street babies wanted to know if I was your brother: a stroke of precious flint here and now which gave me an absorbed countenance and perhaps leads to this memory of present script. The nocturnal eve was a dreary one when the hour of dress and bustle carried your first charm to the stage of this country. But even this honor fled!

15. Life was now a spongy condition. Our mother gradually became ill: ear trouble, germ trouble, nose trouble, skull trouble—death trouble resulted and the family buried her somewhere on Long Island, where a cemetery called Washington was the grave for many poor victims, as our unpraised love was settled. We returned to a café near the doom place, where gathered a party of thirty or more, ate cheese and eggs with a schooner of beer and coffee. The rituals of the Jewish religion demand that one remain seated for seven days upon the floor. Well, we sat on soft cushions (the angels of wealth!). Thus ended a sorrowful, meaningless jubilee in an empty, beautiful world, with scarce a flower knowing joy.

It grew lonesome and cold in the last place of the Suffolk Street apartment. A large one it was, I remember. All became numb and poor and soon the vast poverty settled and someone auctioned us out.

16. In the street of Suffolk, corner of Grand, we lived for ten years. The poverty and insult of life cannot find sufficient words on

paper; it was a struggle for decency for which we were usually gifted, but which soon drew to a conclusion. Fact seemed to be too earnest with our delicate household of nice parlor antiquities.

We were a record-breaker to the moving man as the hour came which cannot be forgotten, the most dismal of happenings in my life—furniture and rats, filthy kitchen and ugly corner room that I occupied during the night.

We got ready to depart, watching the bags of silver plates, gilded cups, rare pillows, mattresses. We woke in a dreary, cold web: sleeping-cave of rats and cabbage, sawdust floor—smelling sulphur fumes in an empty musical tomb.

Father, who left the home to see our things made ready to leave, was deeply sorrowed over many ways and often mentioned our mother's name—what she would think of this predicament. However, we got past with a moving van.

We must tip our hats to a Russian gentleman whom we called Ike Mass. Ike Mass was a mystic to me. I often felt his goodness to an extraordinary degree. All there was to do was to see the articles properly handled and safely removed into the new place of living. The street was Rutgers Square, and another religion prayed.

17. In Rutgers Street was something regarding me. The mornings were as the mornings of school days—walking from Rutgers Street along a street called Division up to Chambers Square to a shop of leather workers or traveling bag makers; there I worked for over a year and a half.

The picture of sadness and unyielding perseverance led to my doing things between times of labor. Often I would sit and draw from rare postcards, which were then obtained or bought at the Metropolitan Museum. Brother Morris did a great deal of thinking in the musical world and often through that freedom managed to see my attention upon the prints, which set on me an absorbed silence and assiduity. He also showed me how to get in it proper grace of delineation. It soon came to a decision that he would take me to a friend who practises and teaches pupils in painting old masters.

The afternoon was sunny and warm, anxious weather. Morris and

I were on an elevated train—but how my heart fluttered in pure fear of meeting classic masters of rare ability! We rang a bell on Park Avenue near 93rd Street: Frances Keller. But said Morris, "Mrs. Keller has a daughter you will go mad over. Such pure and brave character is seldom met in the world of painting."

Soon enough I was admitted into an apartment of pictures which hung about the wall—copies of Corot and Titian, etc.

18. A worker and a student laid bare the manner of introduction, where I took my lessons in paintings during evenings and practised the technique of brush and palette handling—also temperamental qualities and freedom of touch.

But I began to understand wise pleasure's curation through the observing quantity from a natural secrecy. But it is all known; the truth is, you must sit and work out your own idea of feeling and grace of finish. It is not the discipline that decides artistic genius, for that is a thing in real existence, a fact of self-character. I thought well on my own stupid behalf. I soon gave it up, for I was too poor to assist in this abnormal creative formulation; there were other beautiful things to learn, even friendship and reading.

"Concentration of study in the science of various inventions, astronomy, surgery, dentistry, floor sweeping; and stick to the habit of the quality that would shine for you until the end of your life." Thus spoke Diane, the teacher of art at the Park Avenue studio. "Keep up a heart for the marvel of expression and self-realization wherever you will stay. It will recuperate any bad memory to cheer." And it really seemed to be the fact, as we believed it to be in our self will of grace and nature. I often paid many personal visits to her, and found her to be a powerful miniature absorber to a religious conscience and to pay attention to instant care of aesthetic sentiment, relieving doubt.

19. I'll whisper a prayer, for it is time to retire—not yet from the place of writing—only a little hint to tell me the last of my foreign culture and present satisfaction in pain and rest.

My vocabulary has a great memory for foolish bliss, rather poor in careful selection and of grammatic assistance unguided. I did punish

a philosophy of the Herbert Spencer style, but then a feeling for poetic insight began to accumulate. I wrote anywhere, read merely to gain letters for the sake of rhyme, rewrote books, recited in a furnished room all alone, as fast as the life of an epicurean in a tower of scientific perseverance. Indeed no foolish path, but it was not public preparation. It was a self-gathering of natural prevention in the ways of life's action.

However, many things of importance have passed my mind—composition as well as poetic attempts. My teacher was drawing my temper to a perfection of height to do. Many a time my strolls were between the room I had and Diane's studio. It soon was old in hours of love; everything became silent and familiar. I often met friends that knew my instructor, and we went together to see her to whom everybody was a spectacle of beauty and a model.

One day in a greeting at the museum, Mrs. Keller, who copied there—who is still copying—told us that Madame Diane had died.

20. After a sorrowful trail to find refuge in the art of music, I understood its proper detail and the power of practise; we cannot forget the visits to the Opera House of the Metropolitan. I know we liked it better than life! However, inspiration did not linger (it comes to whom it calls for), so I began writing plays, thinking to get to some rare operatic conclusion or real acquirement in the Bohemian circle of divine composition.

The days were dreary and poor. Sickness closed in with its careful teeth, and I landed in the nearest insane bureau on an island for a year. Then things were calmer and my mind grew to be what it was, stupid and wanting to labor at the old shop of traveling bag making.

And it happened again that the old story of weakness returned. I was taken to the hospital of descending charity, where things became a careful selection through sanitation and rest. Where was school? O what I would give for the knowledge of grammatic truth! But I saw that science is perfection as long as the world exists. I sat down and wrote a paragraph of sonnets under the title of "Apology" and a play called "Alma"; they were nonsense to real literature of careful

justice. This little world of my own makes biography important to handle.

So I continued with the spirit of fine arts, writing to friends once in a while, also feeling delighted to indulge silence.

21. My last effort to reply: certain events which have occurred during the year of 1916 were satisfactory to me, but not to those who missed me.

Pianists and artists were now becoming too dull, and I sat down to find the very core of my boring opinion, finding a name for a play in which I can interpose my finest illusion of philosophy and presence of mind from my point of view only. It soon came to me to choose a fancy simplicity called "Capablanka"—well, not so deep as it is shallow—chosen in a melancholy stupor of fame and fortune and lofty peace and hope!

My self-want became intuitive, a wild desire to understand the talent of natural taste. I soon found Daniel listening to me with faint interest, but dear for helping me to live; he has often visited me in my rare, lonely days, which thought became a vague rest to be any kind of contender in this world of joy and familiar manifestations.

Art has mended my insane danger feelings, owing to the memory of writing things which is not common to thought in real life of action. I must say I possess the peace of love which robs me from pain and existence.

Finis



PRODUCTION NOTES

DESIGNER: Maurice Serle Kaplan

TYPE: Linotype *Granjon*. American Type Founders' *Garamond* is used on the title page

TYPESETTING, ELECTROTYPING, PRINTING, AND BINDING:
H. Wolff Book Manufacturing Co.